Commentary

VOLUME NINETY-FIVE • NUMBER FOUR • APRIL 1993

The Family-Values Debate
James Q. Wilson

A Statement on the Peace Process
Norman Podhoretz

Hiss: Guilty as Charged
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Tennis, Anyone?
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Irwin M. Stelzer / Edward N. Luttwak / Suzanne Garment / Peter L. Berger / Daniel Pipes

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Letters from Readers

Clinton's Victory

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In commenting on Joshua Muravchik's "Why the Democrats Finally Won" [January], I would argue, risking the charge of oversimplification, that the overwhelming reason for the Democratic victory was George Bush, probably the most inept presidential candidate since Alf Landon or Wendell Willkie. While Republicans I know ritualistically wanted Bush to be reelected, they were *not* saddened by his loss.

What else but ineptitude can explain the post-Gulf war voter-approval rating for Bush in the 80-90-percent range being transformed several months later into a 30-40 percent rating and, finally, electoral defeat? No national calamity had occurred which could be blamed on Bush. Even though Saddam Hussein remained in Baghdad, still, "'twas a glorious victory" which satisfied almost everybody, even the UN internationalists.

. . . Almost from the outset of the Bush administration, the White House, spurred on by then-Secretary of State James Baker, distanced itself from the eight Reagan years. For reasons which perhaps a Freudian might understand, the Bush-Baker White House seemed determined to expunge Ronald Reagan from the nation's memory. But in following what turned out to be a dismal decision, Bush lost one of the most important of the Reagan assets—the Reagan Democrats.

The end of the cold war did not doom Bush's reelection chances. Had he honored Reagan as the architect of America's victory, as Mr. Muravchik does, Bush would certainly have significantly narrowed Clinton's margin of victory and, perhaps, might even have triumphed.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN
Hoover Institution
Stanford University
Stanford, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik has provided a lucid and insightful analysis of the last presidential election, . . . but I do not share his views. Permit me to say why.

First, Bill Clinton was as inflammatory as any Democrat about the recession, and as absurdly dismissive of the Reagan boom as any liberal. . . . We are now being told that the recession bottomed out over a year ago. . . . But even before this, it was clear that the recession was not as severe as the Carter bust of the early 80's; much less was it of the magnitude of the Great Depression. Yet the latter was continually invoked during the campaign, and George Bush compared to Herbert Hoover. The recession was treated as the "legacy of the Reagan-Bush years," as if the business cycle were not a commonplace of Economics 101, and as if sluggishness were not affecting the industrialized world generally. Mere politics? Perhaps, as traditionally practiced by the Democrats. But not such as to reassure me that Clinton is a "New Democrat."

Second, Clinton scanted the foreign-policy accomplishments of the Reagan-Bush years, and belabored the canard that Bush spent "too much time on foreign policy." . . . But who could be so shortsighted as to blame Bush for his attentiveness to foreign policy, or to pick nits over his handling of so many potentially explosive situations? Bill Clinton could. Mere politics? Perhaps, but politics as traditionally practiced by the Democrats.

Third, in reference to the Gulf war, Clinton at best was ambivalent, and at worst tried to have it both ways. It is inconceivable that he either could have, or would have, accomplished what Bush did. . . .

Unlike Mr. Muravchik, who took the occasion of this election to terminate his estrangement from the Democratic party, I finally got around to changing my registration to Republican. I did it both to vote against Patrick J. Buchanan and to express my contempt for the Democratic field. But mostly I did it because I am proud to have been a Reagan Democrat since 1980, proud of the overall performance of Presidents Reagan and Bush, and cannot abide the Democrats' propensity to speak more warmly of Mikhail Gorbachev than of Ronald Reagan, or to treat the last twelve years as a historical aberration. George Bush stood by

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Clarence Thomas; I stood by George Bush. As Ross Perot would say, "It's just that simple."

MICHAEL DAVID BLUME
Annapolis, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik's perceptive article is an excellent compendium of how the Republicans turned their overwhelming 40-state victory in 1988 into the ashes of their recent debacle. Mr. Muravchik should be aware, however, that there are those of us who agree with his analysis but who still do not fit his profile.

In 1988, for me, the choice was not all that difficult. I had known Michael Dukakis since the late 1970's and actually covered him as a reporter. Although I found many of the Dukakis people to be insufferable and much of the Dukakis philosophy regarding government intervention repugnant, the Duke himself was (is!) a bright and extraordinarily decent guy as far as politicians are concerned. In addition, I do not think I ever watched the kind of honesty Dukakis represented in public life and I knew in my heart that George Bush just did not measure up to the larger task at hand. And so I voted for the Duke (and publicly endorsed him in my column in the late *Boston Ledger*). Turns out, interestingly enough, I was right. George Bush did not measure up to the job. Mr. Muravchik proves that masterfully.

In 1992, very unhappy with President Bush's lack of domestic focus, with his fraudulent cave-in on quotas and taxes, with his and Secretary of State Baker's heavy-handedness in the Middle East (especially on the loan guarantees to Israel), and, most importantly, with Bush's overall lack of a defining vision for America, I was more than happy to stay with the Democrats for an alternative. Sadly, I felt, and still feel, that they did not offer me one in Bill Clinton. So I took the path of least resistance and cast my vote for a candidate for whom I had no special enthusiasm—the President.

In my rather wide circle of friends and acquaintances in this area I was, with only one exception that I know of (a like-minded Boston University professor who is one of my dearest friends), the only George Bush vote. At a party on election night when I quietly announced that I had voted for Bush, I was treated as if I had just been convicted as a child molester. I continue to take a great deal of ribbing from friends and colleagues for voting Republican in '92. . . . At any rate, I was one of those voters who looked closely at Bill Clinton and could not find any there there. I hope for all our sakes that I am proved wrong. . . .

MARTIN S. GOLDMAN
Sudbury, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik inadvertently demonstrates why it is more appropriate to blame George Bush for his loss than to credit Bill Clinton for his victory.

The conventional wisdom holds that there was a continuity between the domestic policies of Presidents Reagan and Bush. The conventional wisdom is wrong. It was not only the tax increase that dragged Bush down, but his near-total repudiation of the Reagan economic legacy. Whereas Reagan made an admirable attempt to slow the growth of government, Bush encouraged its rapid expansion. Domestic spending increased more rapidly under Bush than under any President in the past 30 years—faster than Johnson, faster than Carter. Indeed, Bush seemed to be trying to out-spend and out-tax the Democrats, truly a daunting task!

It is also important to remember the massive upsurge in regulatory activity during the Bush years. In the first three years of Bush's tenure, regulatory spending was up by more than 20 percent above that of the final year of the Carter administration. . . . While Vice President Quayle's Council on Competitiveness made the headlines, federal bureaucrats were busy adding more and more federal regulations. . . . .

The result was inevitably a slowdown in economic activity, particularly by small business, and a deepening of the economic downturn experienced on Bush's watch. Voters rejected this Republican form of economic liberalism in 1992, just as they had rejected its more virulent Democratic form in the past. Bush was not elected in 1988 to tax, spend, and regulate as if he were a Democrat, and, for the record, neither was Clinton. As Mr. Muravchik notes, a majority of voters still prefer a smaller, less-expensive government. Given that Bush gave America exactly the opposite, there should be little doubt as to why he lost.

JONATHAN H. ADLER
Competitive Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik concludes that, had the cold war still been raging, the voters would probably not have gambled on Bill Clinton. George Bush "had proved his mettle in the Persian Gulf crisis," whereas Clinton had yet to prove his in an international emergency. Mr. Muravchik's earlier reference to this issue is more circumspect. While calling the defeat of Saddam Hussein the President's "greatest moment," he adds the sobering reminder that Bush "himself had fed this monster" in trying to befriend "a tyrant, a butcher, a terrorist." . . .

Bush's performance on the world stage was much less than reassuring, hardly worthy of voter confidence. In foreign policy, the nation needs a chief executive who is able to project American power and American prestige and American values and American resolve to avert having to send American troops into combat except as an unavoidable option. . . .

Not having sent the right signals before Saddam Hussein's aspirations confronted us with a military emergency from which we could not flinch, President Bush—the foreign-policy pro—proved to be as much a foreign-policy gamble as is the untested governor of Arkansas who won the '92 election.

DAVID J. STEINBERG
Alexandria, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

So, the party of political correctness, of multiculturalism, of NOW, of endless "civil rights" and entitlements, . . . of the news and entertainment media, of thought control and witch hunts in the universities, of radical environmentalism, of hostility toward business, of "understanding" toward the rioters in Los Angeles, of "peace education," of smear campaigns against Robert Bork and John Tower, of Edward Kennedy, of overwhelming paranoia about white racism (and about no other kind), of the nuclear-freeze movement . . . has suddenly won back the affections of Joshua Muravchik and other neoconservatives.

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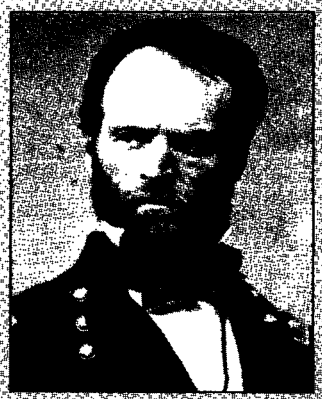

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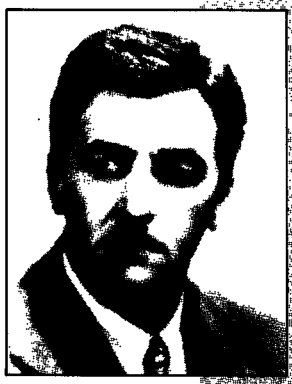

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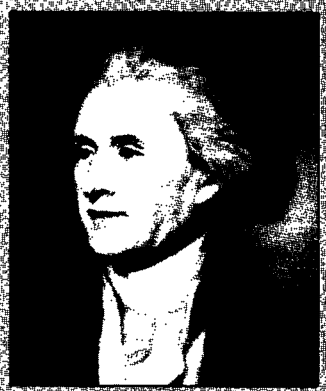

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How did it accomplish this prodigious feat?

It was not as difficult as one would have hoped. All the Democrats had to do was to nominate a candidate who supported the death penalty (which, of course, is overwhelmingly popular among voters); who wanted to limit welfare eligibility to two years; who had the wits to realize that George Bush had not been tough enough on China, Serbia, and Cuba; who paid lip service to speaking for the middle class; who selected Al Gore—"by most measures . . . a moderate," Mr. Muravchik informs us—as his running mate; and who did not lick Jesse Jackson's shoes as avidly as Walter Mondale or Michael Dukakis had. . . .

Mr. Muravchik praises Bush for his strong stand against Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, but he forgets Clinton's indecisiveness on this issue. . . . He further criticizes Bush for tilting toward Saddam Hussein in Iraq's conflict with Iran, but he forgets that Iran was by far the bigger danger to American interests then—an honor it has reclaimed after a period of cowed silence following the war. He further criticizes Bush for leaving Saddam in power—an error, it turns out—but he forgets that at the time Bush stopped prosecuting the war, few Republicans and no Democrats at all urged him to continue it. Certainly Clinton did not. . . .

Even worse, Mr. Muravchik believes the liberal canard that Mikhail Gorbachev, whom he calls "the unsung hero of Clinton's victory," called off the cold war out of the goodness of his heart, and not because his collapsing economy could no longer support the gargantuan Soviet military establishment. This idea is a manifest absurdity: even a cursory study of Gorbachev's behavior shows that he never made any concessions to freedom or capitalism except under extreme duress. As late as his last few months in office, this hero of American liberals, using the start of Operation Desert Storm as a cover, was willing to order a military action against Lithuania that predictably resulted in the murder of unarmed civilians.

Mr. Muravchik and other neoconservatives who found Clinton the more attractive candidate in 1992 need another name. I suggest "neoliberals."

JOHN PENNINGER
Canoga Park, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik denies apostasy from the conservative dogma that Ronald Reagan won the cold war. This raises an embarrassing question for orthodox conservatives. Orthodox conservative *political* theory holds that without the pressure applied by Reagan's arms build-up, Communism could have survived. Yet orthodox conservative *economic* theory (with which I concur) states that Communist economies are ultimately doomed through their intrinsic defects. All the evidence indicates that Soviet Communism collapsed from internal rot. Communism was a gigantic racket, a mega-crime syndicate, manned by a corrupt gang of parasites totally incompetent to run a modern economy.

With this obvious explanation for America's victory in the cold war, why does Mr. Muravchik parrot the *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* fallacy of Reagan's role to explain the Soviet collapse? Doesn't he believe in conservative economic theory?

C.W. GRIFFIN
Phoenix, Arizona

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik's article could have been reduced to a single sentence: "The Democrats finally won because the opposition's votes were divided." After all, Bill Clinton got only 43 percent of the vote, somewhat less than the 45.6 percent Michael Dukakis got in 1988.

In other words, a more moderate Clinton did not do as well as the more liberal Dukakis. Therefore, it can hardly be argued that the country was taken in by Clinton's more moderate stance. Indeed, a case can be made that Clinton's image as a draft-dodger, prevaricator, and adulterer made him much less palatable than Dukakis to many voters, 57 percent of whom voted for his opponents.

The real puzzle is why so many Americans turned so bitterly against Bush, a sitting President who had commanded an approval rating of almost 90 percent after his victory against Saddam Hussein. What Americans liked and admired about Bush was his confrontational style, his determination to go after Saddam Hussein and beat him.

What they did not like was his "kinder and gentler" attitude toward Congress, his caving in on new taxes when he should have stood up to the "Boyz on the Hill" and given them what he gave Hussein. . . . The American people voted for a fighter who said "read my lips." What they got was a lackluster, uninspiring compromiser unwilling to go to bat for his constituents. . . .

Had Bush been a real conservative, he could have worked wonders for the Republican party. But he lacked the ideological vision that would have given him a true sense of direction, an understanding of what had to be done to maintain the conservative momentum.

SAMUEL BLUMENFELD
Waltham, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A close reading of Joshua Muravchik's article reveals that he fails to understand what actually happened in the presidential election. Moreover, it is also distressingly clear that Mr. Muravchik's understanding of the basic nature of American politics is at best limited.

Even the title of the article is wrong. The Democrats did not win the election; George Bush lost it. . . . Bush received 38 percent of the vote. Sixty-two percent of the electorate voted against him. Bill Clinton received 42 percent of the vote. Fifty-two percent of the electorate voted against him. . . .

Bush lost the election for a number of reasons. The biggest one was that he was incapable of doing in 1992 what he had done in 1988. In 1988 he won by dint of demagoguery and his ability to create an image of himself as the heir to the Reagan legacy. The only serious statement of policy to come out of that election was his "read-my-lips" pledge to hold the line on taxes. Once he reneged on that promise, the rest was history. . . .

On the issue of term limits, Mr. Muravchik asks: "If the voters were so tired of representatives who serve many terms, why did they not just vote them out?" The answer is simple: the system we have is designed to protect incumbents. Incumbent Congressmen have unlimited franking privileges and the ability to get money from PAC's, which make it almost impossible to defeat them. . . .

The final indication of Mr. Muravchik's total failure to understand American politics is in his last paragraph, in which he writes:

> Many of the issues facing the country today . . . are new, and Clinton

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has a proclivity for new answers. To govern effectively, and to win a second term, he will have to find those answers where he found his victory—in the Center.

The issues facing the country today are not new. Virtually every problem we now face dates back to the victory of judicial activism and social liberalism in the 1960's. In the 1960's judicial activists through a series of court decisions took away from society the power to police the cities. Social programs were set up which, in practice, waged war on the family. The black family has, for all intents and purposes, been destroyed. Our schools have been turned into places where elementary-school children are taught to use condoms. Confiscatory tax systems and rent control in the cities have contributed to the exodus of the middle class to the suburbs. Our cities are now war zones with third-world economies.

If Clinton's presidency is to be successful, he must solve these problems. But the solution will not be found in the Center. It will be found in the rejection of the policies of statist liberalism that have dominated the Democratic party since 1960. This is modern conservatism. There is nothing to indicate that Clinton understands this, . . . and there is every indication that the next four years are going to be a disaster, just like the Carter years. . . .

SUSAN JORDAN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik misses the mark on some important points.

First, he joins a chorus of writers and others apparently bewildered by the seeming contradiction between the solid voter embrace of term limits and the simultaneous widespread reelection of incumbents. . . . But he and the chorus confuse distinct sorts of issues: the term-limits effort is about institutional change, while the reelection or rejection of incumbents is a personnel question. Rightly or otherwise, voters might quite consistently and reasonably believe that the current system of incentives and constraints needs to be changed, that term limits are likely to be beneficial, *and* that, given the existing . . . options, their incumbents are still the best people in the running. There is no contradiction here and no reason

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Myths about Israel and the Middle East (1)

Do the media feed us fiction, instead of facts?

We all know that, by dint of constant repitition, white can be made to appear black, good can get transformed into evil, and myth may take the place of reality. Israel, with roughly one-thousandth of the world's population and with a similar fraction of the territory of this planet, seems to engage the totally disproportionate attention of the print and broadcast media. Unfortunately, much of what the media tell us—in reporting, editorializing, and in analysis—are endlessly repeated myths.

What are the facts?

Myth: The "Palestinians" are a nation and therefore deserving of a homeland.
Reality: The concept of Palestinian nationhood is a new one and had not been heard of until after the Six-Day War, when Israel, by its victory, came into the administration of the territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. The so-called "Palestinians" are no more different from the Arabs in the neighboring countries of Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, than Wisconsinites are from Iowans.
Myth: Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), and the Gaza Strip are "occupied Arab territory."
Reality: All of "Palestine"—east and west of the Jordan River—was part of the League of Nations mandate. Under the Balfour Declaration all of it was to be the "national home for the Jewish people." In violation of this mandate, Great Britain severed the entire area east of the Jordan—about 75% of Palestine, and gave it to the Arabs, who created on it the kingdom of Transjordan. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, four Arab armies invaded the new country in order to destroy it at its very birth. They were defeated by the Israelis. The Transjordanians, however, remained in occupation of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and East Jerusalem. They proceeded to drive all Jews from those territories and to systematically destroy all Jewish houses of worship and other institutions. The Transjordanians, now renamed "Jordanians" were the occupiers. Israel regained these territories following its victory in the Six-Day War and has administered them ever since. They have not been annexed. Their final status will be decided if and when peace with the Arabs is finally attained.
Myth: Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") are the "greatest obstacle to peace."
Reality: This is a totally new formulation, which was put forward by James Baker, our former Secretary of State. He and former President Bush seemed obsessed by it. Fewer than 100,000 Jews are settled in these territories, living among about 1.4 million Arabs. How can Jews living there be an obstacle to peace? Why *shouldn't* they live there? About 700,000 Arabs live in Israel proper. They are not an obstacle to peace and nobody (including the Israelis), consider them as such.
Myth: Israel is unwilling to yield "land for peace."
Reality: The concept that to the loser, rather than to the victor, belong the spoils is a radically new one, never before thought of in world history. Israel has emerged victorious in the five wars imposed on it by the Arabs. In order to make peace, it has returned over 90% of the territory occupied by it, specifically the vast Sinai Peninsula, to Egypt. That territory contained some of the most advanced military installations in the world, prosperous cities and settlements, and oil fields developed entirely by Israel that made it independent of petroleum imports. In the Camp David Accords (1978), Israel agreed to autonomy for Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), with the permanent status to be determined after three years. But, until today, it has been "all or nothing" for the Arabs, and they have been unwilling to consider or to discuss autonomy.

The greatest myth of all is that Israel's administration of the Gaza Strip and of Judea/Samaria is the root cause of the conflict between Arabs and Jews. But that is nonsense and flies in the face of historical reality. The Arab desire to obliterate the Jewish presence in Palestine, and since 1948 the Jewish state, long predates that territorial administration. The root cause of the conflict is the total unwillingness of the Arabs to tolerate any "non-believers" to be in control of even one inch of what they consider "sacred Arab soil." And they don't just mean Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. They mean Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, the whole state of Israel. No change in the Arabs' attitude seems to be in the offing. But until there is such a change, no peace can possibly come to this troubled area.

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to suppose that the voters are acting less than seriously. . . . Whatever the merits of term limits, whatever the merits of various candidates, the apparently contradictory votes, it seems to me, actually constitute evidence of an admirable level of political sophistication. . . .

In the absence of effective structural reform, voters are left to make personnel decisions in the context of the system as it currently exists; . . . they have opted, of course, not merely for "a President from one party and a Congress dominated by the other," as Mr. Muravchik notes, but in large numbers specifically for a Republican President and Democratic Congressmen. Voters in a given district or state will elect fiscally liberal Congressmen because to do otherwise would not so much act as a restraint on the system in toto as it would simply disadvantage their own district or state. . . . Voters opt for fiscally conservative Presidents because . . . it is in the main through that office that they can inject a measure of restraint into the whole system. . . .

George Bush, of course, failed in his first term, and dramatically, to act effectively, or even convincingly, as the representative of the voters' collective interest in restraint, and they thus had no, or little, reason to reelect him on that basis. . . .

STEVEN MURPHY
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . George Bush lost the election because he had nothing to say to the common working people of our country—not because he was, as Joshua Muravchik would suggest, "unlucky." Mr. Muravchik does, however, take us nearer to the heart of the matter in referring to "Bush's image as a politician whose ambition was stronger than his conviction." Our society seems to be filled with people who have rather more ambition than conviction. Such people are found on both sides of the political aisle and, indeed, Bush had not a little in common with liberals who are motivated more by pursuit of dollars than dedication, and, seeking to protect their perches "high above Fifth Avenue" (in Liberal-party leader Raymond Harding's phrase), make ad-hoc alliances with the bottom against the middle. . . .

The economic future of our country will be brightened not by a President who convenes meetings of economic experts prepared to demand sacrifices from the working people, but by a President . . . ready to demand sacrifices from the CEO's who in a week take from their companies what a working person earns in a year; from the union leaders who live so much better than their memberships; from the $300-an-hour-and-up lawyers; from the high-style physicians; and from the politicians who emerge from public office with million-dollar bank accounts. . . .

George Bush lacked the will to make demands of "the big guy." Indeed, in his 1991 State of the Union speech he warned, ominously, that the little guy gets hurt when you go after the big guy. There is little real indication, however, that Bill Clinton will treat the ordinary American any better than George Bush did.

DAVID R. ZUKERMAN
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joshua Muravchik seems to have misjudged the temper of the country regarding the national government. A growing number of people are, if not explicitly at least implicitly, questioning the legitimacy of that government. How else to interpret the resistance to taxes, the popularity of term limits, and the increasing use of the initiative and referendum to block the depredations of "representative government"? William Tucker's article in the same issue, "Is Police Brutality the Problem?," points up the growing disillusionment with government not only by the general citizenry, but by the police forces as well. The breakdown of public safety is itself a glaring example of the precipitous decline in government legitimacy. . . .

It seems to me that government legitimacy will become a major factor on the political scene well before the decade, and century, come to a close.

ROBERT C. WHITTEN
Cupertino, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his excellent article, Joshua Muravchik correctly notes that the "character issue" weakened Clinton, but I would suggest the irony that it was the issue of character and trust that probably cost Bush the election. . . . If both major candidates are unappealing, swing voters will vote for the candidate perceived as the "lesser evil." . . . So I suppose (or extrapolate) that swing voters preferred a man perceived as a pandering, philandering, draft-dodging waffler but someone who was also serious about the economy and who eschewed personal attacks against his rivals, to a man perceived as unserious about the economy or anything else except hanging onto power for its own sake. . . .

BERNARD ADELMAN
Winthrop, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I congratulate Joshua Muravchik on his perceptive, balanced analysis of why the Democrats finally won. To my knowledge, Mr. Muravchik, unique among post-election commentators, correctly points out that the family-values issue, properly handled, could have helped George Bush. The success of the Colorado referendum on homosexuals and the near-success of the one in Oregon illustrate potential electoral gains from a properly crafted stand on these issues. These results were obtained despite the fact that the pro-referenda sides were outspent by more than two to one and opposed by all established political figures in both states. Another sign, largely ignored by the media, was the defeat of Iowa's Equal Rights Amendment.

However, I wish to enter a dissent on one point. I disagree with Mr. Muravchik that the Republicans actually waged a campaign on the issue of family values. . . . I do not . . . recall a single post-convention presidential speech on the subject, which is especially ironic in that the question of gays in the military became a major issue *after* the election. Disputing Clinton on this point might have served both to raise the question of family values and remind everyone of George Bush's successful conduct of our military and foreign policy.

Why didn't the Bush campaign make use of the family-values theme, especially as it had little else to use? Although any answer is clearly speculative, I offer some possible reasons: (1) The President did not believe in making such a campaign. . . ; (2) The media would have been vehemently against it. Ample evidence exists showing that cultural elites share

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an enthusiastic disdain for traditional sexual morality and great sympathy for gay rights; (3) The family-values issue is difficult to frame effectively without appearing to be mean-spirited or bigoted.

Yet, as indicated by the recent controversies over gays serving in the military and New York City's *Children of the Rainbow* curriculum, these issues will not go away. A novel feature of the last election was the emergence of gays and lesbians as an articulate and cohesive voting bloc which was even included as such in the *New York Times*'s exit poll. Not surprisingly, gays and lesbians favored Clinton to a greater degree than fundamentalist Christians favored Bush. I suggest that the "irrepressible conflicts" for control of the culture will remain an important feature of the political scene for some time to come.

ROBERT LERNER
Smith College
Northampton, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Post-mortem analyses of the losing side after an election are by now a regular feature of our political landscape, as indeed they should be if the two-party system is to survive. Moreover, they are a good indication of the prospects of the losing party in the future. . . . If Joshua Muravchik's "Why the Democrats Finally Won" is any indication, the Republicans may look forward to the future with confidence (provided, of course, his message is heeded, the prospects for which I have no way of assaying).

What pleases me most about Mr. Muravchik's analysis is his willingness to mention the whole array of factors that went into making the Democratic victory. . . . Among all the factors he lists, perhaps pride of place should go, not to George Bush's inconsistency or the harshness of Republican rhetoric on family values or Bill Clinton's hazy relationship to liberalism, but to one of the great unmentionables in conservative thought: the American character. Mr. Muravchik has, I believe, found the real source of vulnerability in the maddening habit of the electorate to hedge its bets by voting for Republican Presidents and Democratic Congresses. . . .

As Mr. Muravchik says, the voters "liked having Democrats to give them services and the Republicans to lower their taxes." As a result, the deficit has ballooned like some embolism in the body politic to such a point that a loose cannon like H. Ross Perot could actually seem like a plausible alternative. Moreover, a crankiness has entered into the mood of the country stemming from the uncomfortable feeling that our government has, in its collective folly, sold the company store. Now the electorate has summarily dismissed a President who broke his end of the bargain while returning the same bunch of solons who have never met a government program they did not like.

In retrospect, I think it is clear that Reagan held the conservative coalition together only with spit, polish, and his remarkable insouciance (a real asset in office, but only now is the price for his neglect of certain issues becoming clear). But that could only work by ignoring not only the deficit and the flaws in the American character that brought it about, but also the fissures in the conservative movement itself between, roughly, capitalist individualists and families worried over the fraying of the social fabric (and when one stops to think about it, Reagan always has been a rather odd choice as an icon of family values). . . .

It seems to me that the Republicans will go nowhere unless they seize this issue of the American character and the deep flaws lurking within it. . . .

EDWARD T. OAKES, S.J.
New York City

JOSHUA MURAVCHIK writes:

I have written various strongly opinionated articles for COMMENTARY without eliciting as much response as I did this time when, ironically, I wrote more in the voice of an observer than an advocate. Accordingly, I feel no desire to join every issue, but will respond to some of the main points raised by my correspondents.

I share Michael David Blume's esteem for the accomplishments of the Reagan presidency, but, like Arnold Beichman, I do not see George Bush in the same light (although I doubt that Bush could have gained much merely by invoking Reagan's legacy). While I think Bush's record was poor, I find Jonathan H. Adler's claim that Bush was trying to out-spend and out-tax the Democrats tendentious. I feel the same way about David J. Steinberg's dismissal of Bush's leadership in the liberation of Kuwait, which came in the teeth of opposition from most Democrats. On the other hand, John Penninger whitewashes Bush's failure to complete the job by liberating Iraq, too. It is not true that almost no one opposed this decision at the time. I did, for one, and so did others. I think Mr. Penninger and C.W. Griffin both overestimate the role of economics in the Soviet collapse. The Soviet economy was pathetic, to be sure, but not so pathetic as to cripple the regime's war machine, to weaken its grip on power, or to deny its members the luxurious perquisites to which they were accustomed.

Samuel L. Blumenfeld makes much of Clinton's mere 43 percent, and Susan Jordan of Bush's mere 38 percent. Both statements seem to ignore the obvious: a three-candidate race is not the same as one with two candidates. Steven Murphy believes that voters who approved term limits while reelecting incumbents were demonstrating "political sophistication." Does he have a similar explanation for the survey results showing that voters in large numbers hold Congress in contempt but their own Congressmen in high esteem? In a like vein, he explains the election of liberals as an attempt on the part of voters not to "disadvantage" their districts, but I know of no evidence—and he presents none—that liberals do any better than conservatives in serving the parochial interest of their constituents.

I thank Martin S. Goldman, Bernard Adelman, Robert Lerner, and Father Edward T. Oakes for their kind words and their contributions to the discussion.

I suppose all this disputation is a sign of how seriously we take our politics, which is, I suppose, healthy.

The Library of America

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Norman Podhoretz's generous tribute to the Library of America ["On Reading for Pleasure Again," December 1992], he wonders, as others occasionally do, if we may not be pushing "minor" writers ahead of such "major" figures as Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos. A partial answer is that our mandate is to include not only acknowledged American classics

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but also forgotten or neglected masterpieces that are otherwise unavailable. Francis Parkman's monumental *France and England in North America* was such a project—our two-volume edition helped provoke a reassessment of Parkman's work and narrative history writing in general—as was Henry Adams's *History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*, which had been out of print for some 75 years until we reissued it in 1983.

But the fact is that even for an independent, not-for-profit company like ours, publishing decisions are not the same as literary judgments. The vicissitudes of publishing history, the progress of literary scholarship, and the realities of the contemporary marketplace necessarily influence our schedule to a degree which may surprise COMMENTARY's readers.

For one thing, the Library of America is pledged to print an authoritative text of each work. This sometimes means waiting until scholarly editors have sorted out the textual difficulties in a writer's work. While excellent texts were available to us for Melville (from the Northwestern-Newberry edition) and Fenimore Cooper (the SUNY edition), the works of some other authors exist only in unreliable texts that still await scholarly attention. Occasionally we undertake the preparation of a new edition in-house or work with a scholar already engaged in such a project, as in the cases of Richard Wright and William Faulkner; but this is extremely time-consuming and costly, and our resources allow us to do only a very limited amount of such work at any one time.

With the 20th-century authors Mr. Podhoretz cites, even more to the point are copyright laws. The right to issue works first published within the last 75 years (including surprising special cases like Emily Dickinson's poetry) is often controlled by another book publisher who may be reluctant to license a "competitive" edition. This has become less of an obstacle in the past few years, as the growing readership, review attention, and critical acclaim for the Library of America have made the benefits of inclusion in our series increasingly obvious to authors' estates and their publishers. As a result, we have been able since 1985 to license reprint rights and publish the works of several 20th-century writers, including, in addition to Faulkner and Wright, Eugene O'Neill, Flannery O'Connor, Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, and Sinclair Lewis. Recently we have successfully negotiated for the works of Robert Frost and John Steinbeck. But volumes devoted to other 20th-century giants still await the right combination of money, persuasiveness, and luck—or copyright expiration. (The royalties we pay for these authors are also a factor, since to do more than one or two such volumes in a year, while keeping our prices as low as possible, puts too great a strain on finances.)

Many other factors influence our order of publication as well: How difficult is the selection of contents or the research and editing of the texts? How elaborate should the notes and chronology be, and how much additional explanatory material needs to be included? Can we time our publication with an anniversary, film, or other event that might help us reach a wider audience for our authors?

Order of publication, in other words, has much less literary significance than your readers might think. What they and Mr. Podhoretz will be glad to know is that, having published 61 volumes and with many, many more under way or scheduled, we are just beginning to approximate our vision of a national library for general readers that will eventually include all the best American writing.

Readers who would like a complete list of publications to date should write to The Library of America, 14 East 60th Street, New York, NY 10022. We also welcome suggestions for future volumes.

MAX RUDIN
The Library of America
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Referring in his article on the Library of America to a survey by the Modern Language Association (MLA), and commenting on faculties of literature in colleges and universities, Norman Podhoretz asserts that ". . . half of the professors in an MLA survey [said] that they do not think it essential to teach Hawthorne, Thoreau, or Melville. . . ." This statement misrepresents the survey findings.

The MLA survey asked faculty members teaching 19th-century American literature to list no more than three works they regularly taught that they considered particularly important to their courses. Responses to such a question do not tell you which authors are *not* taught or which authors are *not* considered "essential." What the responses do show is that Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Melville are considered particularly important in 19th-century American literature courses.

Overall, the MLA'S 1990 survey indicates that the major canonical works and authors are preeminent in the three college courses covered: American literature, 1800-1865; the 19th-century British novel; and Renaissance literature, excluding Shakespeare. The survey also reveals that almost all the teachers queried endorse the traditional goals of the literature classroom. At the same time, the study identifies changes in teachers' goals and critical approaches.

Copies of the survey report may be obtained from the executive director's office, Modern Language Association, 10 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

PHYLLIS FRANKLIN
Executive Director
Modern Language Association
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Thank you for Norman Podhoretz's wonderful tribute to Francis Parkman. I too found him in the Library of America and could not put him down (despite the slow start of the narrative in Florida). What lessons: the amazing heights of spirit in the Jesuit martyrs, the workings of the French colonial project, the narrowness of the colonial (and 19th-century) New England mentality, and, particularly, as Mr. Podhoretz says, Parkman's clear-sighted portrayal of the Indians, so different from today's pieties.

In *The Oregon Trail*, incidentally, I learned another truth differing from what we see in the movies: the fabled lone riders of the *American* West—the scouts, traders, mountain men, and "half-breeds"—spoke, very many of them, not English but French. . . .

CHARLES P. WEST
Washington, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations to Norman Podhoretz on his excellent analysis of the appeal of the Library of

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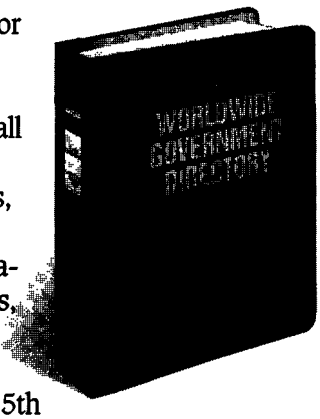

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America. As he correctly observes, it is scandalous that volumes from this outstanding series are not generally available in bookstores, either in New York or elsewhere. Based on my experience, this includes even prominent liberal-arts university bookstores such as Tulane's in New Orleans.

However, the blame almost certainly rests with the seemingly weak direct promotion given the books by its publisher, the Library of America. Mr. Podhoretz gave no current financial information, but most likely the Library still requires substantial subsidies to meet its operating costs. In such circumstances, it is understandable and even laudable that the management of the Library apparently maximizes the budgeted resources devoted to editorial product.

Nonetheless, I would expect (maybe optimistically?) that more advertising contact with the general American reading public would increase demand for the volumes and consequently their supply in American bookstores. As an example, the not-for-profit *Encyclopaedia Britannica* expends significant amounts in numerous media soliciting potential buyers. . . .

I also agree with Mr. Podhoretz's assessment of Francis Parkman's unremitting description of pervasive Indian cruelty, particularly that of the Iroquois. Although it is unfashionable today to admit this historical truth, it does make understandable such reactions to the terror it inspired as the Sherman-like scorched-earth policy used by the Continental armies to defeat the Iroquois in 1779.

But to anyone interested in American history I recommend Parkman's works, especially *The Oregon Trail*, for another reason. They convey vividly and effectively how physically demanding and hard pioneer life could be. For all its benefits, life on the frontier was not only dangerous, it was tiring. The reader of Parkman can only guess how many settlers worked themselves into early graves simply trying to survive day-to-day and year-to-year.

TOM HOPKINS
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Podhoretz's article on the Library of America was wonderful. What a lot of labor and love he put into it, and how very useful in our land where half the population doesn't read and doesn't even learn how to read.

I read the article again and again with much admiration. It made me recall Edmund Wilson who often, when he came to dinner at our house, spoke to me and my late husband Bertram Wolfe of the importance of the Library. How contented he would be to know of Mr. Podhoretz's devotion to the cause and the work he is doing for it.

ELLA WOLFE
Palo Alto, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It was a pleasure to read Norman Podhoretz's "On Reading for Pleasure Again." In these days of cultural degradation, I found his affirming message about the Library of America to be refreshing indeed.

GEORGE H. NASH
West Branch, Iowa

NORMAN PODHORETZ writes:

Before I turn to the letters above, there is a postscript I would like to add to my article.

Since writing it, I went on, as I had promised myself I would, to tackle the two Library of America volumes containing the five Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper and the one by Francis Parkman containing *The Oregon Trail* and *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. After finishing the Leatherstocking Tales, I also rummaged around in my library to see what I could find about them, and in the course of leafing through the essay on Cooper by Yvor Winters in *Maule's Curse*, I came upon a quotation from one of Cooper's less well-known novels, *The Oak Openings*, which is so delicious that I cannot resist reproducing it here.

A chief called Crowsfeather is addressing his fellow chiefs about the theory they have heard from a clergyman that the Indians are descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel:

> I am a Pottawattamie. My brothers know that tribe. It is not a tribe of Jews, but a tribe of Injins. It is a great tribe. It never was *lost*. It *cannot* be lost. No tribe better knows all the paths, and all the best routes to every point where it wishes to go. It is foolish to say you can lose a Pottawattamie. I do not speak for the Ottawas; I speak for the Pottawattamies. . . . We are not lost; we are not Jews. I have done.

Another passage I cannot resist quoting here comes from Parkman's *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (a book I especially commend to my fellow Parkman fans Charles P. West and Tom Hopkins, if they have not already read it). A description of the attitude of the Quakers toward the Indians in the mid-18th century, it uncannily foreshadows the attitudes toward blacks of many contemporary liberals:

> The more rabid of the sect would scarcely confess that an Indian could ever do wrong. In their view, he was always sinned against, always the innocent victim of injury and abuse; and in the days . . . when the woods were full of furious war-parties, and the German and Irish settlers on the frontier were butchered by hundreds; when the Western sky was darkened with the smoke of burning settlements, and the wretched fugitives were flying in crowds across the Susquehanna, a large party among the Quakers, secure by their Philadelphia firesides, could not see the necessity of waging even a defensive war against their favorite people.

Let me turn now to some of the specific points raised by my correspondents.

I must admit that I overlooked the copyright and editing problems when I raised the question of whether the Library of America might be motivated by considerations of affirmative action in putting out certain minor 20th-century writers while many of the major ones were still not included. I am very glad to hear from Max Rudin that my speculation was wrong.

Although Mr. Rudin does not mention it in his letter, I gather that the Library of America does indeed still require financial help, especially in order to keep all its titles in print; to this end, people are being sought who are willing to "adopt" a particular volume. Several such donors have already been found, but many more are needed. In any case, I agree with Mr. Hopkins that more advertising (especially, of course, in COMMENTARY!) might help to increase demand for the books themselves.

It is reassuring that Phyllis Franklin, the executive director of the MLA, at least pays lip service to the literary canon when the organization's president, Professor Houston A. Baker, Jr. of the Uni-

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versity of Pennsylvania, has led the pack against it. (Professor Baker has, for example, earned undying fame with his doctrine that choosing between classical and popular authors is "no different from choosing between a hoagie and a pizza.") Nevertheless, Miss Franklin is mistaken in charging that I distorted the MLA survey. For the plain fact is that Hawthorne was judged "particularly important" to courses in 19th-century American literature by only 56.3 percent of the professors who responded to the MLA questionnaire, Thoreau by only 49 percent, and Melville by only 48.4 percent. Whitman (28.1) and Emily Dickinson (10.9) did even worse, and neither Mark Twain (because *Huckleberry Finn* is nowadays considered politically incorrect?) nor Henry James (both politically incorrect and too difficult?) scored enough to get on the chart at all.

Finally, I want to thank Ella Wolfe and George H. Nash (and, of course, Mr. West and Mr. Hopkins as well) for their extremely generous words.

Cuba's Fate

To the Editor of Commentary:

I write to express my appreciation for Mark Falcoff's "Is Cuba Next?" [November 1992]. His observations are especially welcome at a time when Cuba's grave economic difficulties have inspired and reinvigorated the most amazing misconceptions. Thus, for example, CBS on one evening news broadcast managed to report Cuba's economic problems and shortages as if they were caused merely by American ill will (the blockade), without a hint of the chronic mismanagement inherent in state-socialist systems and aggravated by the kind of one-man dictatorship Castro has exercised.

Mr. Falcoff's analysis of current American attitudes toward Cuba is especially insightful; it explains the renewed desire on the part of the Left to lift the blockade and the upsurge of altruistic concerns about the deprivations of the Cuban people. It also help us to understand why members of the clergy are anxious to deliver aid to Cuba but not to other countries just as close and needy. It may be recalled that when Nicaragua was governed by radical leftists there was a similar wave of politically-motivated altruism, little of which survived the defeat of the Sandinista government.

Today, those who are anxious to provide economic assistance to Cuba are not merely making a political statement, they also hope that such help might avert the total collapse and irrevocable discrediting of the system. In turn, such an outcome might serve to preserve their beliefs and illusions about the supposed authenticity of Cuban socialism and salvage the last remaining hopes of people on the Left.

Finally, Mr. Falcoff's article helps to draw the major lesson from recent developments in Cuba: to the extent that Cuba has been the most militantly doctrinaire, anti-capitalist, socialist police state, ruled by a megalomaniac, its economic difficulties have also been the most severe.

Paul Hollander
Northampton, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Congratulations to Mark Falcoff for grasping the Cuban situation so well. The obvious geographical fact that Cuba is an island makes repression easier, and yet—does Cuba have enough towns, streets, and monuments (whose names have already been changed time and again) to bear the names of its newest heroes and martyrs? Oh yes, there are mountains of hope and rivers of blood, plus new jails and postage stamps and the collected speeches of the Maximum Leader that could give an inkling of Castro's "spirit of perversity." Of course, it would take less time to read Edgar Allan Poe or any psychiatric manual.

José Manuel Cueto
Santa Ana, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mark Falcoff is quite correct in his tacit assertion that individual political rights must come to Cuba eventually. No true democrat, whether capitalist or socialist, can long stand the suppression of rights going on in Cuba at the moment.

That being said, however, one must strip away some of Mr. Falcoff's own illusions and misperceptions. First, without remembering Ho Chi Minh's initial admiration of the United States, we are without historical perspective on the issue of whether the U.S. might have been able to "coopt," or work with, Fidel Castro. Instead, as we know, an iron blanket was thrown up, and with it many of the possibilities that might have existed between the U.S. and Cuba came to naught.

Second, is it not true that the current . . . U.S. embargo is a real, bloody issue as well as a symbol? I find it curious that Mr. Falcoff sees this economic disaster as only symbolic because "Castro made it so." Who initiated and continues this violence? The receiver?

Finally, Mr. Falcoff wonders naively how Cuba keeps its hold on American and other socialists and Communists. It may not be so much Cuba's "hidden strengths" as America's "hiddden weaknesses." From a socialist perspective, for example, the Los Angeles "riot" was only too predictable. This is too short a space to go into a complete analysis, but Mr. Falcoff is a scholar, so one wonders at his naiveté at this point in history.

Rather than question Cuba, I would ask, whither the United States?

Neil Berger
Yonkers, New York

Mark Falcoff writes:

Neil Berger's letter demonstrates to clinical perfection why I wrote my article in the first place—namely, because old myths about Cuba never die.

We are not, actually, "without historical perspective on the issue of whether the U.S. might have been able to 'coopt,' or work with, Fidel Castro." We are not even without some very concrete historical information. As I tried to point out in my article, the dream of being free—utterly free—of U.S. influence was an old one in Cuban politics, long predating Castro's appearance on the scene. Moreover, Mr. Berger should know that on numerous occasions Castro has vociferously denied that he was "pushed" into the arms of the Soviets by the United States. He regards such statements as condescending attempts to trivialize his revolution, which in a way they certainly are.

As for the embargo, surely there is nothing "violent" about it except the language Castro uses to denounce it. Again, a bit of historical perspective is called for here. For years Cuban nationalists argued that the island would be better off without an economic link to the United States. Indeed, it has only been since the demise of the So-

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viet Union that the Cuban government has shown any serious concern over its inability to trade with the United States. It seems like only yesterday—in fact, it was only yesterday—that people of Mr. Berger's persuasion were wont to remind us that the embargo really wasn't working all that well, because Cuba had refitted its industry to Soviet and European specifications, and also had diversified its trade with a wide range of new commercial partners.

As for the comparison of Cuba with the United States, or very specifically the cause of the Los Angeles riot, I will have to leave it to others to decide who of the two of us—myself or Mr. Berger—is the more naive. I cannot forbear pointing out, however, that most of the more radical nostrums offered for our social problems at home have already been tried in Cuba—with the results, alas, all too evident. But in making the comparison, Mr. Berger underscores the principal point of my article—namely, that the fate of the Cuban revolution has ideological consequences far larger than the dimensions of the island itself.

I deeply appreciate the generous comments of Paul Hollander, who has contributed so much to our understanding of third-world revolutions and their Western sympathizers.

And I thank José Manuel Cueto for his eloquent testimony on behalf of those who are unable to speak.

Police Brutality

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am a former chief of police of Savannah, Georgia, and I hold a Ph.D. in social science from Michigan State. No big deal in themselves, but I believe they indicate I may know a little something about crime, criminals, and police behavior. William Tucker's article ["Is Police Brutality the Problem?," January] contains many anecdotal verities, but its tone and implied solution to the problem of violent crime negate any overall seriousness it may aspire to. Yes, police brutality, police discourtesy, police misbehavior are problems, but they are not epidemic problems, while false accusations against the police are precisely that in many urban areas. Because of this fact police are often and, I believe, increasingly reluctant to take action lest they be saddled with career-threatening accusations.

Where Mr. Tucker is wrong is in his premise that police inaction acts as a catalyst for violent crime in the black ghetto. Come on! Violent crime in the inner cities is generated to a very large extent by the social disintegration of large segments of the black community. It is scarcely hindered by a criminal-justice system which can put away only a minor percentage of even the most violent criminals and cannot keep that percentage off the streets for any significant length of time. The most fearless police force in the world cannot remove those obstacles to public safety.

Further, the crisis in both public confidence in the police and police confidence in the backing they are likely to get from the public can be solved only by competent and courageous police leadership. Such police chiefs, and there are many out there, can instill discipline in the force and punish police malefactors while backing their officers against unjust accusations.

Courageous chiefs also talk back to political and racist demagogues, and competent chiefs frequently win the verbal battle. They do so without giving either the police or the public (both black and white) even the slightest hint that the only thing needed to hold back the very real forces of violence in the city is an unleashed police. The best top cops are used to the hysterical and political smoke-blowing of false accusations and are able and willing to confront them. They are also used to the demands that the police be allowed to club and shoot the violent back into a mode of civilized behavior, and they ignore them.

Competent and responsible police executives do not want or need the support of people like Mr. Tucker whose rhetoric does more than border on the demagogic. As a simple Southern chief of police, I clearly smell the odor of racism in this article. I've been there before.

DAVID G. EPSTEIN
Alexandria, Virginia

WILLIAM TUCKER writes:

I think David G. Epstein is much too quick to pull the trigger in his charges of "racism."

I could not agree more that the problem of violent crime is ultimately beyond the reach of the police. The problem lies in the disintegration of the family, brought on largely by a welfare system that interrupts family formation and leaves young men free to roam the streets as violent predators.

The police can at best perform only a holding action. They cannot solve the problem, but neither can they let it get out of hand. People who cry that "police brutality" is the source of disorder in the black community are just as deluded as those who think we can solve everything by beating enough heads.

The crime wave of the last seven years is, clearly, statistically restricted to young black males. Even black males over the age of twenty-five have not increased their levels of violence. It is extremely difficult to discuss this subject without becoming bogged down in the issue of "racism," but that is what we must do.

Passionate Attachments

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read with interest Edward N. Luttwak's discussion of *The Passionate Attachment*, George Ball's latest attempt—in conjunction with his son Douglas—to denigrate Israel and American Jews [Israel Watch: "George Ball's Latest Diatribe," December 1992].

Although Mr. Luttwak repeatedly and pointedly indicates that the Balls may be "anti-Semitic," it seems to me that this is too polite a phrase. Those of us who have recognized George Ball's virus over the years (now passed along, apparently, to his son) are not so gentle in describing his condition. . . .

WILBUR DUBERSTEIN
San Ramon, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward N. Luttwak writes in four consecutive paragraphs, "The Balls may not be anti-Semitic, but. . . ."

Is Mr. Luttwak aware of the fact that George Ball was a senior partner with Lehman Brothers for some fifteen years, and at one point was president of the board of directors?

Perhaps Mr. Luttwak means that Ball is anti-Israel, and not anti-Semitic. The title of the book would seem to imply this. Moreover, Ball's long association with

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prominent Wall Street investment bankers of Jewish origin would seem to demonstrate acceptance on the part of the upper circles of the American Jewish community.

MARJORIE HOPE YOUNG
JAMES YOUNG
Wilmington, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wholly share Edward N. Luttwak's appraisal of George Ball, though I might have gone a bit farther. Why wouldn't Ball's dual-loyalty charge apply to Ball himself? Ball reminds me of the joke about the bemused Brezhnev-era Russian who wonders: "I know I'm supposed to be loyal to only one government, but I don't know why it has to be the Arabs." Ball's own "passionate attachment" is to the Arab cause, at least as he sees that cause, locked in a zero-sum game with Israel. Perhaps his hoary cry of dual loyalty is a cynical ploy meant to deflect attention from his own biases; perhaps it is just a case of projection. In any event, the charge no doubt helps him rationalize his considerable failures.

Ball exemplifies something else Mr. Luttwak does not touch on, which is the historical State Department tilt toward the Arabs. . . . I would look forward to an article by Mr. Luttwak on this subject.

WILLIAM J. TYROLER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK writes:

To Wilbur Duberstein: I appreciate your sentiments, but please note that I very deliberately refrained from writing that George Ball and his son Douglas are anti-Semites. And with the appearance of their book, there is absolutely no need to accuse the Balls of anything—they are irrefutably condemned by their own words. Indeed, the title alone convicts them, so long as one recalls the continuation of George Washington's remarks in his Farewell Address (from which the title of the Balls' book was taken):

> . . . a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils . . . and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their country without odium, even with popularity.

As applied by the Balls, these words define Jews who support Is-

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rael as *ipso facto* disloyal to the United States of America. For all that, the Balls most probably think themselves original—I do not see them as conscious plagiarists of the standard works of political anti-Semitism. But there is no need to postulate unconscious echoes, for it is quite enough to start with a couple of the same premises—the conflation of 1,001 varieties of Jews into a conscious entity known as "the Jews"; the unwarranted exclusion of what some Jews want from the 1,001 wants that define "U.S. national interests" at any one time—to arrive at the same stereotypical result.

To Marjorie Hope Young and James Young: It is perfectly true that anti-Israelism or anti-Zionism does not necessarily imply anti-Semitism. Thus, Arab echoes of European political "anti-Semitism" followed rather than preceded Arab anti-Zionism, though of course both Muslim and Christian Arabs had their own antecedent religious reasons for disliking Jews. But the Balls are not Arabs, they did not encounter Israel first and the Jews second. They evidently chose to focus on Israeli iniquities, as opposed to, say, Japanese environmental destruction in Southeast Asia, because of a prior interest in the American co-religionists of the perpetrators. Actually, the sequence of their text is itself quite eloquent in that regard.

That Mr. Ball was a Lehman Brothers partner for fifteen years proves nothing at all. I do not know in what sense Lehman Brothers is or was "Jewish." But I do know that even if some, or even most, of George Ball's colleagues were of "Jewish background," "Jewish origin," or even simply Jewish, the chances are that not one of them would have reproached him for his views, anti-Israel or anti-Semitic as the case might be, let alone tried to procure his dismissal. Wall Street is the *locus classicus* of "Jewish bankers" who actually perform no cultural, religious, or political activity that is Jewish or Zionist in any way, and who are perfectly willing to hire, work with, eat meals with, play tennis with, and even marry expressed anti-Semites. At any rate, the facts of the case are: (1) George Ball frequently attacked Israel and only Israel, often doing so in the strongest terms, even though Israel could never begin to compete with its neighbors as an evildoer, or with the Europeans, Japanese, or Koreans as a beneficiary of American largesse; (2) George Ball retained a very prominent Wall Street position for many years in spite of his malevolent eccentricity.

Columbus

To the Editor of Commentary:

Jonathan D. Sarna's "Columbus & the Jews" [November 1992] leaves out a very often overlooked aspect of the name itself. Apparently because we are used to associating . . . Columbus with Spanish culture, we overlook the fact that *columbus* is a masculinized form of the Latin and old Italian for "dove," *columba*.

For a Marrano seeking safe haven after the Spanish "deluge" of 1391 (when some suggest Columbus's family came to Genoa), and perhaps anticipating the great disaster of 1492, a name from the Genesis story of Noah and the thrice-tested dove, the winged seeker of new and solid ground, would provide a most appropriate signal to his fellow Marranos identifying both the man and his intention (see Genesis 8:8-12).

In this sense, this name shift from Colón, "settler," to Columbus, "dove," takes on a curious significance.

[Rabbi] Jordan Pearlson
Temple Sinai Congregation
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

To the Editor of Commentary:

I agree with Jonathan D. Sarna that the inferences and speculations about Columbus's "Jewishness" (ingenious as some of them are) are not conclusive. But this may be due to Mr. Sarna's approach—looking for signs of "Jewishness" while tacitly accepting the (contradictory) thesis that Columbus was a native of Genoa. Another approach is possible—that of linguistic analysis. . . .

Analyses that have been made of Columbus's writings, written in (imperfect) Castilian, indicate that they contain many Catalan and Portuguese terms. The Portuguese is easily explained by Columbus's thirteen years in Portugal. But what about the numerous Catalan/Mallorcan expressions? Defenders of the "Genoa thesis" have not been able to explain them away. Nor can they explain why Columbus never wrote in Italian or why he was never described by those who knew him as having an Italian accent. Further, the name "Colom" was found at the time *only* in Catalan-speaking territory, and there were many such families in Mallorca and Catalonia. So, Columbus must have spent his youth and early manhood in a Catalan-speaking territory.

Putting this together with Columbus's early history gives us the clue to why secrecy and concealment were in the interest of both Columbus and the monarchy. Columbus had fought as a corsair . . . against Aragon's attempt to retain its hold on the provinces of Catalonia and Mallorca. . . . Like all Catalonians, he supported Carlos of Viana, Ferdinand's half-brother and rival for the throne of Aragon. But Carlos's death ended the contest and Catalonian hopes. Ferdinand, who later assumed the throne of Aragon, never forgot Columbus's role in all this. . . .

King Ferdinand would surely not have allowed Columbus to sail westward on a voyage of discovery. But this was a *Castilian* enterprise, and Queen Isabella—whose kingdom had six times the population and several times the territory and wealth of Aragon—had the last word. Columbus always felt more comfortable with the queen than with the king. It was almost always the "king's men" on the island of Hispaniola who made his life miserable and his administration stormy. When Columbus returned to Spain at the end of his second voyage (June 1496), the queen heard him out as she had earlier heard out his detractors . . . , and her decision was overwhelmingly in his favor. . . .

The fact that Columbus never referred to himself as Colombo is another clue to his Catalan/Mallorcan origin. During his years in Portugal, he was known as Colom, and in Castile he was called Colomo. The name "Colon" was first introduced in the agreement he concluded with the monarchs to undertake the first voyage of discovery. . . .

The idea that Ferdinand and Isabella did not know about Columbus's origins and early career is hardly worthy of credit. Consider: by 1492, there had been fourteen years of Inquisition; autos-da-fé had been held in the major cities of Spain; and the *hermandad* ("block police") and the *familiares* (laymen working for the Inquisition) had been check-

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ing on their neighbors' religious correctness. . . .

The Church, too, knew of his origins. In a letter written by a Franciscan priest in the year 1500 to Cardinal Cisneros of Spain, Columbus is referred to as "King Pharaoh." This is a reference to a small rebel group within the larger Mallorcan resistance against Aragon who were dubbed the "Pharaohs" by the Aragonese knights because they sought to retaliate against the foreigners by seizing the oldest child of the leaders in the manner of the biblical story. No evidence exists that Columbus was part of this group, but the fact that a priest would use such an expression is indicative of his antipathy toward Columbus and his knowledge of the latter's place of origin.

Another piece of evidence is the "Borromei letter." In the year 1931, Manuel Rubio Borras, head librarian of the University of Barcelona, received in the mail a document dated 1494 and signed by Giovanni Borromei, then Duke of Milan. This document, hidden in the cover of a book belonging to the Borromei library (and later authenticated by Rubio Borras), said that the writer, to assuage his conscience, was making it known that Peter Martyr, . . . court historian of the Catholic monarchs, had informed him that Columbus was not from Genoa but from Mallorca, and that the ruse was arranged for "political and religious reasons."

What could these "religious reasons" have been? That Columbus came from a *converso* (New Christian) family? As there were more than a few *conversos* in the royal courts, that in itself would not be a likely reason for concealment. But if the Inquisition had determined, or suspected, that there was "backsliding" among members of Columbus's family or their acquaintances, this, together with his rebel past, would have made Columbus suspect. . . .

Recall, however, that by 1492, the date of his first voyage, both "political and religious reasons" would have represented old charges, for Columbus had left Mallorca in 1473. Still, it is worth recalling that the charge of *converso* was made against Columbus, as he himself said, as late as 1499. Writing to the monarchs about the turbulent events of the third voyage (1498-1500), he said that the rebels called him a *converso*, but that all the *conversos* were on the monarchs' side.

In conclusion: the Catalan/Mallorcan thesis of Columbus's place of origin provides a background against which one or more "Jewish signs" may take on more meaning. Columbus hid his rebel past in order to obtain support for his enterprise in Castile. After the discovery of his origins, the monarchy and the Church insisted on secrecy to prevent Columbus's fame from fanning the fires of Catalonian nationalism. Defenders of the "Genoa thesis" have never been able to explain why Columbus never wrote in Italian or why there are so many Catalan terms and expressions in his writings. . . .

DAVID E. SARFATY
Washington, D.C.

JONATHAN D. SARNA writes:

I am pleased that my article moved Rabbi Jordan Pearlson and David E. Sarfaty to share their interesting insights. Ingenious as their theories are, however, they still rely on circumstantial evidence and should not be confused with hard facts. In the case of Rabbi Pearlson's clever observation, it is worth noting that the dove, in Christian art, often symbolizes the Holy Ghost. Is it not, then, just as plausible to read a Christological interpretation into Columbus's name, or to suggest that he saw himself as a dove (missionary) of the Church? Saint Columba, the 6th-century Irish missionary and patron saint, is supposed to have selected his name on precisely this basis.

Mr. Sarfaty's theory is even more ingenious and extraordinarily learned, but I am afraid that it is no more provable. Contrary to his letter, there is no inevitability about his conclusions, only a maybe. Even then, he needs to explain why the massive evidence in favor of Columbus's Italian origins should all be cast aside on account of a single unresolved linguistic puzzle.

Hollywood & L.A.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Holy Hollywood!" [November 1992], Edward Norden quotes the following sentence from a review of Sidney Lumet's movie *A Stranger Among Us*: "An old leftie like Lumet should recognize such pleading as the very definition of reactionary." While this may sound like something you would read in the *L.A. Weekly*, the quotation is actually from Andy Klein's review, which appeared in the pages of our competitor, the *L.A. Reader*. Ella Taylor's review of the movie, which appeared in our paper the same week it opened, coincidentally raises (albeit from a less approving perspective) a couple of points later raised by Mr. Norden.

RONALD STRINGER
L.A. Weekly
Los Angeles, California

EDWARD NORDEN writes:

My apologies for having mixed up the two Los Angeles papers.

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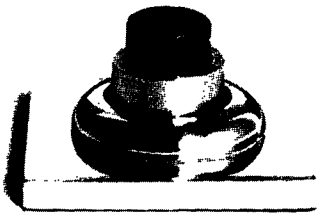
There are 27,000 Soviet missiles. But how many fingers are on the button?



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FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION 1918

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A Statement on the Peace Process

For many years—and especially during the period 1977-92, when Likud was in power—I took the position that American Jews had no moral right to criticize Israel's security policies. Since these policies literally involved the life and death of the state and its people, only those whose lives were actually on the line had the standing to participate in the public debate over them; and any American Jew who wanted to acquire such standing had only to board a plane for Tel Aviv and claim citizenship under the Law of Return.

Needless to say, very few, if any, American Jews who opposed the security policies first of Menachem Begin and then of Yitzhak Shamir saw the matter in this light. Most of them neither held their tongues nor became citizens of Israel. Speaking from the safety of America, they criticized the Likud government whenever it said or did anything in relation to the Arabs, and especially the Palestinians, of which they disapproved. On some occasions, most notably the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982 and the ensuing massacre at Sabra and Shatilla, they did more than criticize—they attacked, with varying mixtures of sorrow, anger, and self-satisfaction.

Quite apart from the fact that much of what they said on these occasions was mistaken or untrue, and quite apart from the questionable morality of saying anything at all in opposition to Israel in this area, their attacks also had dangerous political consequences. For one thing, they provided cover for ideological enemies of Israel and even outright anti-Semites, who were overjoyed at being able to quote Jews instead of having to rely exclusively on their own easily discounted forms of vilification. For another thing, the politicians in Washington, who had always been wary of being seen as unfriendly to Israel for fear of losing Jewish votes and financial backing, were led to believe that Israel could now be pressured or even turned on without incurring too high a price in Jewish political support.

Even at the time, some of us tried to tell the politicians that these Jewish critics of Israel represented only a small minority of the American Jewish community. But so relentlessly did the media build them up—they were regularly quoted with grave respect in newspaper stories and just as regularly invited to appear on TV talk shows—that by 1988, when George Bush became President, a new idea had taken root. It was that the Jewish community was now more or less evenly split. On the one side was an old-fashioned establishment in the pocket of an intransigent and expansionist Israeli government. On the other side was an almost equally large group of courageous dissidents who would welcome an American policy aimed at forcing Israel to be more "flexible" in the pursuit of peace.

As Bush eventually discovered, this was a false picture. No doubt most American Jews were happy when the Labor party behind Yitzhak Rabin ousted Yitzhak Shamir and Likud in the election last year. Nevertheless, Jews did not give Bush the credit he so richly deserved for helping to bring this outcome about. On the contrary, they were furious with him over some of the very tactics he had used to weaken Shamir—for example, withholding vitally needed (and previously promised) American loan guarantees when the Likud government would not agree to a freeze on the building of new Jewish settlements in the West Bank.

Very likely Bush knew that the tough line he was taking toward Israel would cost him at least some of the Jewish voters who had gone for him in 1988. Yet if he ever entertained the notion that the putative split in the Jewish community meant that he would make up for this loss with a surge of grateful support from the dovish dissidents, he was sadly mistaken. Not only were these dissidents far less numerous than they had been cracked up to be; they were also overwhelmingly located on the political Left. Many of them were well aware that, on Israel, Bush had proved a de-facto ally, but this was not remotely enough to overcome their other objections to him. Which partly explains why, having won over 30 percent of the Jewish vote in 1988, Bush got less than half of that—about 15 percent—in 1992.

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Now, in 1993, we have an entirely new situation. When the Rabin government assumed power, it needed no prodding from the Bush administration to declare an immediate freeze on settlements. Nor was Rabin suspected of dragging his feet in the "peace process" that had started under Shamir less than a year earlier in Madrid. Unlike Likud, which had been determined to avoid territorial concessions either to Syria on the Golan Heights or to the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza, Labor seemed positively eager to "trade territory for peace" on both fronts. Evidently there was nothing the Bush administration wanted from Israel—at least for the moment—that Rabin was not prepared to give. What had been attempted rape under Shamir became under Rabin a happily consensual affair.

I am tempted to pursue the metaphor and say that, with Bill Clinton having succeeded George Bush as President, the affair now looks as if it might blossom into a loving marriage. And indeed relations between Israel and the United States may never have been smoother. Only one crisis has developed since Clinton was elected. It arose over the deportation by Israel last December of some 400 Muslim fundamentalists, mainly members of Hamas, who made up the command structure of the latest wave of Palestinian terrorism, and it was resolved by an American compromise so speedily accepted by Rabin that one might have thought he had framed it himself. Thanks to this compromise (involving the immediate return of about 100 of the deportees and the shortening of the period of banishment for the others from two years to one), and thanks also to the ensuing diplomatic exertions of Clinton's Secretary of State, Warren Christopher, drastic action against Israel by the UN Security Council was averted.

Nor has the Rabin government expressed any public displeasure over a change in American policy that the Shamir government (and, for that matter, all previous Israeli governments, including those run by Labor) would have fought tooth and nail.

Under the terms of the Madrid framework, the United States was supposed to bring the parties together for direct negotiations (which was what Israel, rightly fearful of an imposed "solution," had always called for) and then get out of the way unless and until the parties themselves requested its intervention. Now, however, Christoper—throwing a meatier bone to the Arabs than they ever got even out of his predecessor James Baker, no great lover of Israel—has announced that the United States intends to become a full "partner" to the negotiations. Amazingly, the only official response from Jerusalem to this turnaround has been a song of joy.

Here again, what in Shamir's time Washington could only have accomplished by intense pressure, if even then, is being achieved with Israel's consent.

Under these new circumstances, my old objection to criticism of Israel's policies by American Jews cries out for reexamination. Politically, first of all, such criticism assumes an entirely different weight from the one it carried when the United States was trying to force Israel into taking steps the Israelis considered threatening to their security. Today, with the Israeli government in a great hurry to make the very concessions to the Arabs which the United States wishes it to make, there is no longer any danger of encouraging the politicians in Washington to believe that they can lean on or turn against Israel with impunity. For there is virtually nothing left for them to lean on Israel about.

Still less is there any danger of providing cover either for the anti-Semitic propagandists or the ideological enemies of Israel who so recently were able to hide behind American Jews in spreading their respectively poisonous arguments. The real danger now, and the one that in my judgment urgently demands discussion, is that Israel will be too "flexible" in its desperate eagerness to conclude agreements both with the Syrians and with the Palestinians.

But what of the moral issue? Here, I must confess, I have a problem. I still believe that Jews in the Diaspora whose lives are not on the line lack the moral standing to participate in the debate among Israelis over their physical security. And yet it seems to me that there is not only a political but also a moral distinction between "joining the jackals," as Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York once put it—that is, criticizing Israel when it is under attack by everyone—and criticizing Israel when its policies are meeting with general approval. Moreover, to my mind there is all the difference in the world between accusing Israel of all sorts of heinous crimes, as many of its critics on the Left did in the past, and questioning the prudential wisdom of its policies, as I mean to do now.

I used to say, in responding to the contention that Israel, for its own good, "needed" to be criticized, that God had already taken care of that need by blessing the Jewish

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state with an abundance of critics; and given the wonderful job its enemies were doing, Israel could get along beautifully without additional hectoring by its friends. But now the situation has been reversed. Israel's policies are becoming so popular that even the deportations—which, if carried out under Shamir, would almost certainly have resulted in UN sanctions, with full U.S. backing—have had no serious consequences. In truth, the condemnations they brought forth were so routine that those who issued them could hardly keep from yawning. To cite Moynihan again (this time in paraphrase), after the hundredth denunciation of Israel for having violated the Fourth Geneva Convention, the ennui was showing even among the Arabs.

OF COURSE it is theoretically possible that the reason Israel's policies have become so popular is that they are good and wise and conducive to a new era of peace and harmony. And yet I cannot help suspecting that the enemies of Israel know something about these policies that the friends of Israel are failing to see. I will go further and assert flat out that if those policies are meeting with so much approval in certain quarters, it *must* mean that they are not good for Israel.

I ask myself, for example, why Syria is so eager to resume negotiations with Israel. Has Hafez al-Assad, the murderous dictator of that country, who has been dedicated all these years to the goal of wiping Israel off the face of the earth, suddenly become reconciled to the existence of a sovereign Jewish state on territory he regards as his own? The territory I am talking about here is not the Golan Heights, taken by Israel in the Six-Day War; it is pre-1967 Israel, which Assad regards as "Southern Syria." Certainly he wants the Golan Heights back right away, and he now has reason to believe that Rabin is set to oblige him, perhaps even for as low a price as some form of de-facto recognition of Israel and a vague statement of nonbelligerency.

No wonder, then, that Assad has made so little of the deportations and that he can hardly wait to get back to the bargaining table. Obviously the peace process is good for Syria; but is it good for Israel?

The Palestinians—or, to be more precise, the "mainstream" faction of the PLO* which has been involved through its local proxies in the negotiations with Israel—are also eager to get back to the bargaining table. To be sure, they have made much more of the deportations than the Syrians, even at one point vowing that until all 400 deportees are returned they will have no choice but to boycott the peace process. Yet it seems improbable that Arafat and his proxies will hand a victory to Hamas, which repudiates the whole idea of negotiating with Israel as high treason, and which has already killed almost as many of his followers as the Israelis have.

Not that these "moderate" followers of Arafat have hesitated to murder other fellow Palestinians for "collaboration" with Israel—the same crime of which they themselves stand accused by Hamas. Nor does the "mainstream" PLO disagree with Hamas on the question of coexistence with Israel. The difference between them is merely tactical. Hamas is openly and forthrightly committed to the destruction of Israel through terrorism and holy war, while the "mainstream" PLO has in recent years shifted to what is known as the "phased plan."

This plan prescribes negotiations as a first stage, to be concluded by the withdrawal of Israel from the territories it has occupied since 1967; the second stage will end with the establishment of the new Palestinian state on those territories; and the third will culminate in a final assault on a weakened and demoralized "Zionist entity." Thus, as recently as last December, Faisal Husseini, the leader of the "moderate" Palestinians in the territories, delivered a talk in Jordan defending the phased plan as a strategy for the eventual takeover not just of the occupied territories but of Israel in its entirety. Naturally the speech went unreported in the Western media.

IN ADOPTING this plan, the "moderates" have shown great political intelligence. In the past, their refusal to negotiate and their rejection of the idea of coexistence strengthened the position of those in Israel who were convinced—and still are—that a Palestinian state poses a mortal threat and must be resisted at all costs. Conversely, the new line calling for a "two-state solution" has given rise to the hope in Israel that peace may at last be at hand.

Even so, however, relatively few Israelis are ready to accept the "two-state solution."

* The term "mainstream" is now widely used to distinguish this faction, consisting mainly of Yasir Arafat's Fatah, from such "rejectionist" groups as the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which are also members of the PLO but which side with Hamas against negotiating with Israel.

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War-weary as they are after living in a constant state of siege from the day of their country's birth, desperate as they are to realize the dream of peace, and sick as they are of ruling over a million-and-a-half restive and rebellious Palestinians, the vast majority of Israelis are nevertheless still unpersuaded that a new Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza is the answer or the way out. Enter, therefore, the idea of autonomy as a device for squaring the circle—that is, for relieving Israel of the burdens of occupation without exposing it to the dangers of Palestinian statehood.

When autonomy was first proposed by Menachem Begin as part of the Camp David accords with Egypt, it was derided by the Palestinians as giving them nothing more than the right to collect their own garbage. They went on repeating this fatuous objection when Shamir in his turn urged the same arrangement upon them. I recall wondering why they were taking this stand, since it seemed obvious that, whatever the Israelis might be telling themselves, autonomy would inevitably turn out to be a long first step on the road to Palestinian statehood. Possibly the Palestinians were being stupid or deluded; or it may be that their own internal political conflicts placed this great opportunity out of their reach.

But that was then. Today, while the "moderate" Palestinians are not yet admitting that they will settle for autonomy, that is pretty clearly where they are heading in this phase of the peace process. For they now understand that autonomy is a temporary way station on the road to statehood and that statehood will come in the very next stage.

Like the Syrians, then, the Palestinians now see the peace process as good for them. But again, is it good for Israel?

Yitzhak Rabin undoubtedly thinks so. Which means that he must also think that autonomy is a way to *block* statehood, if not necessarily forever, then at least for a decent interval. In offering this interpretation of Rabin's thinking, I am assuming that his own longstanding opposition to a Palestinian state remains in place and that he, unlike some members of his party and indeed of his own cabinet, is not a convert to the idea that there can be no peace, or justice, without Palestinian statehood. Proceeding, then, on this assumption, I would also guess that Rabin, who is not famous for humility, has talked himself into the idea that he can control the dynamics of the peace process—that it is up to him to decide how far it will go and where it will stop.

Yet surely the belief of the Palestinians that this process has an inexorable logic of its own is more plausible than Rabin's belief that it can be precisely calibrated. If, for example, Rabin imagines that the Palestinians, once having agreed to autonomy, will simply drop their campaign for statehood (a campaign that is bound to involve terrorism as well as political and ideological warfare), he is fooling himself.

Similarly, if Rabin imagines that the Clinton administration will remain any more satisfied with autonomy than the Palestinians, he has badly misjudged the degree to which practically everyone in Washington—along with practically everyone in the wider foreign-policy establishment—has by now bought the view that Palestinian statehood is both a political and a moral necessity. The love affair with Israel will continue so long as Israel goes on doing what the United States wants it to do. But when the time comes for Israel to say No to the transformation of autonomy into full Palestinian statehood, the affair will turn sour and Washington will turn on a rather different kind of heat.

THE upshot is that the peace process is a trap from which it will be very hard for Israel to escape. It was first entered into by a Likud government in the hope that it could buy Israel a little more time during which who knew what miracles might occur. This was dangerous enough. But to make matters worse, the process has now been enthusiastically embraced by a Labor government which seems to believe that both the Syrians and the Palestinians are genuinely interested in reaching a lasting accommodation with Israel.

According to this rosy line of reasoning, the Syrians have changed because the loss of their Soviet patron has deprived them of the means of taking on Israel militarily, and the PLO, or at any rate its "mainstream" faction, has changed because it has experienced a change of heart. In other words, where relations with Israel are concerned, both Assad and Arafat have at long last become sensible and pragmatic.

Well, one can agree that they have become sensible and pragmatic in that they have come to recognize that they can get at the bargaining table what they have been unable to win on the battlefield. But as for Israel, it, alas, seems to be moving in the opposite direction, becoming less sensible and less pragmatic than it used to be.

For consider: is it sensible to weaken the state's defenses against Syria by withdraw-

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ing from the Golan Heights in exchange for a declaration of nonbelligerency (which is the most that Assad is willing to give)? After all, as Henry Kissinger has often observed, most wars have broken out between nations previously at peace. And is it sensible to create the conditions for a new Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza when such a state is far more likely to bring war than peace?

I have tried to explain why this is so several times in these pages, most recently in an article in January 1992, where I put the case as follows:

> . . . No sooner would the new state come into being than it would become Lebanonized. That is, a struggle would begin for control between . . . Fatah . . . and . . . Hamas. . . . At some stage, Syria, which regards the entire territory now divided between Israel and Jordan as Southern Syria, would find a pretext to intervene, just as it did in Lebanon. But such a Syrian move would have to be resisted by the Israelis, and war would be the inevitable result, with other Arab states, including Iraq, overcoming their own mutual enmities to join in. . . .

As this scenario suggests, the Arab world has by no means abandoned its dream of wiping Israel off the map. A recent editorial in the *Jerusalem Post* sums it all up in succinctly stark terms:

> . . . all the powerful Arab regimes are feverishly arming with conventional and nonconventional weapons; . . . all of them—including Egypt—participate in the economic boycott of Israel; . . . all support terrorist organizations sworn to the destruction of Israel; [and] they are the source of the world's most virulent anti-Semitic activity. . . .

In the face of this kind of thing, is it sensible to declare, as I have heard a very high official of the Israeli government do, that a deal with Syria and the Palestinians *must* be reached before the end of 1993, lest Likud (the real enemy) get back into power in 1994?

IT IS because these questions have been preying on me, and because they are hardly, if ever, raised in this country, that I have decided, in spite of my moral qualms, to speak out as a Jew against the course Israel is now taking. (By contrast, I have no moral qualms whatsoever about speaking out as an American against my country's encouragement of that course.)

In the past, the left-wing Jewish critics of Israel often justified themselves by quoting highly selective verses from the biblical prophets about the glories of peace—as though it were the Israelis rather than their Arab enemies who needed instruction on this point. Now that I find myself forced to emulate these people in other respects, I might as well go the whole distance and quote from my own favorite prophet, Jeremiah, who on more than one occasion denounced as false prophets those of his own day who cried "'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace."

On yet another occasion Jeremiah declared with almost blasphemous audacity: "Ah, Lord God! surely Thou hast greatly deceived this people and Jerusalem, saying: 'Ye shall have peace.' . . ." The traditional interpretation of this astonishing verse is that Jeremiah is blaming God not for practicing deceit Himself but for failing to stop the mouths of the false prophets. But perhaps God never does stop the mouths of false prophets in the present. Perhaps the false prophets can be definitively distinguished from the true only in the future, when the argument between them over the direction of events will finally have been settled. As Jeremiah himself said in one of his many attacks on the prophets who saw peace ahead when he was beset by terrifying visions of war and devastation: "The prophet that prophesieth of peace, when the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known, that the Lord hath truly sent him."

In Jeremiah's day the word of these prophets of peace, consoling and popular though it was, never did come to pass. Instead, just as he had foreseen, the kingdom of Judah was destroyed, the Temple sacked, and the people driven into exile. I will conclude this little jeremiad of my own by praying with all my heart and all my soul and all my might that my apprehensions about the negotiations now going on are ill-founded, and that those who tell us that peace between Israel and its enemies is only a few territorial concessions away will turn out to be the true prophets and I the false.

—NORMAN PODHORETZ

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The Family-Values Debate

James Q. Wilson

THERE are two views about the contemporary American family, one held by the public and the other by policy elites. In his presidential campaign, Bill Clinton appeared to endorse the public's view. It remains to be seen which view President Clinton will support.

The public's view is this: the family is the place in which the most basic values are instilled in children. In recent years, however, these values have become less secure, in part because the family has become weaker and in part because rivals for its influence—notably television and movies—have gotten stronger. One way the family has become weaker is that more and more children are being raised in one-parent families, and often that one parent is a teenage girl. Another way is that parents, whether in one- or two-parent families, are spending less time with their children and are providing poorer discipline. Because family values are so important, political candidates should talk about them, though it is not clear that the government can do much about them. Overwhelmingly, Americans think that it is better for children if one parent stays home and does not work, even if that means having less money.[1]

No such consensus is found among scholars or policy-makers. That in itself is revealing. Beliefs about families that most people regard as virtually self-evident are hotly disputed among people whose job it is to study or support families.

A good example of the elite argument began last fall on the front page of the *Washington Post*, where a reporter quoted certain social scientists as saying that the conventional two-parent family was not as important for the healthy development of children as was once supposed. This prompted David Popenoe, a professor at Rutgers who has written extensively on family issues, to publish in the *New York Times* an op-ed piece challenging the scholars cited in the *Post*. Popenoe asserted that "dozens" of studies had come to the opposite conclusion, and that the weight of the evidence "decisively" supported the view that two-parent families are better than single-parent families.

Decisively to him, perhaps, but not to others. Judith Stacey, another professor of sociology, responded in a letter to the *Times* that the value of a two-parent family was merely a "widely shared prejudice" not confirmed by empirical studies; Popenoe, she said, was trying to convert "misguided nostalgia for 'Ozzie-and-Harriet'-land into social-scientific truth." Arlene and Jerome Skolnick, two more professors, acknowledged that although Popenoe might be correct, saying so publicly would "needlessly stigmatize children raised in families that don't meet the 'Ozzie-and-Harriet' model." After all, the Skolnicks observed, a man raised outside that model had just been elected President of the United States.

THE views of Stacey and the Skolnicks are by no means unrepresentative of academic thinking on this subject. Barbara Dafoe Whitehead recently surveyed the most prominent textbooks on marriage and the family. Here is my paraphrase of her summary of what she found:

> The life course is full of exciting options. These include living in a commune, having a group marriage, being a single parent, or living together. Marriage is one life-style choice, but before choosing it people weigh its costs and benefits against other options. Divorce is a part of the normal family cycle and is neither deviant nor tragic. Rather, it can serve as a foundation for individual renewal and new beginnings. Marriage itself should not be regarded as a special, privileged institution; on the contrary, it must catch up with the diverse, pluralistic society in which we live. For example, same-sex marriages often involve more sharing and equality than do heterosexual relationships. But even in the conventional family, the relationships between husband and wife need to be defined after carefully negotiating agreements that protect each person's separate interests and rights.[2]

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[1] Evidence for these beliefs can be found in the poll data gathered in the *American Enterprise*, September/October 1992, pp. 85-86.

[2] Paraphrased from Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, *The Expert's Story of Marriage*, Institute for American Values, Publication No. WP14 (August 1992), pp. 11-12. Whitehead supplies references to the texts she summarizes. She does not endorse—just the opposite!—the views she has compiled.

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Many politicians and reporters echo these sentiments and carry the argument one step further. Not only do poor Ozzie and Harriet (surely the most maligned figures in the history of television) stand for nostalgic prejudice and stigmatizing error, they represent a kind of family that in fact scarcely exists. Congresswoman Pat Schroeder has been quoted as saying that only about 7 percent of all American families fit the Ozzie-and-Harriet model. Our daily newspapers frequently assert that most children will not grow up in a two-parent family. The message is clear: not only is the two-parent family not especially good for children, but fortunately it is also fast disappearing.

Yet whether or not the two-parent family is good for children, it is plainly false that this kind of family has become a historical relic. For while there has been a dramatic increase in the proportion of children, especially black children, who will spend some or even most of their youth in single-parent families, the vast majority of children—nationally, about 73 percent—live in a home with married parents. Today, the mothers in those families are more likely to work than once was the case, though most do not work full time. (I am old enough to remember that even Harriet worked, at least in real life. She was a singer.)

The proponents of the relic theory fail to use statistics accurately. The way they arrive at the discovery that only 7 percent of all families fit the Ozzie-and-Harriet model is by calculating what proportion of all families consists *exactly* of a father, mother, and two (not three or four) children and in which the mother never works, not even for two weeks during the year helping out with the Christmas rush at the post office.

THE language in which the debate over two-parent families is carried on suggests that something more than scholarly uncertainty is at stake. If all we cared about were the effects of one- versus two-parent families on the lives of children, there would still be a debate, but it would not be conducted on op-ed pages in tones of barely controlled anger. Nor would it be couched in slogans about television characters or supported by misleading statistics.

What is at stake, of course, is the role of women. To defend the two-parent family is to defend, the critics worry, an institution in which the woman is subordinated to her husband, confined to domestic chores with no opportunity to pursue a career, and taught to indoctrinate her children with a belief in the rightness of this arrangement. To some critics, the woman here is not simply constrained, she is abused. The traditional family, in this view, is an arena in which men are free to hit, rape, and exploit women. To defend the traditional family is to defend sexism. And since single-parent families are disproportionately headed by black women, criticizing such families is not only sexist but racist.

Perhaps the most influential book on this subject to appear during the 1970's was *The Future of Marriage* by Jessie Bernard, a distinguished scholar. Widely reviewed, its central message was that the first order of business for marriage must be "mitigating its hazards for women."

Unlike more radical writers, Bernard thought that the future of marriage was assured, but this would be the case only because marriage would now take many forms. Traditional marriages would persist but other forms would gain (indeed, had already gained) favor—communes, group marriages, the *ménage à trois*, marital "swinging," unmarried cohabitation, and limited-commitment marriages. (She did not discuss mother-only families as one of these "options." Nor did she discuss race.) In principle, no one form was better than another because "there is nothing in human nature that favors one kind of marriage over another." In practice, the forms that were best were those that were best for the woman. What might be best for children was not discussed. Children, it would seem, were incidental to marriage, except insofar as their care imposed strains on their parents, especially their mothers.

The main theme of much of the writing about marriage and families during the 1970's and 1980's was that of individual rights. Just as polities were only legitimate when they respected individual rights, so also marriages were worthy of respect only when they were based on a recognition of rights.

This view impressed itself on many who were not scholars, as is evident from an essay published in 1973 in the *Harvard Educational Review.* It urged that the "legal status of infancy . . . be abolished" so that a child would be endowed with all the rights of an adult. Even more, any law that classified people as children and treated them differently from adults "should be considered suspect." As a result, the state "would no longer be able to assume the rationality of regulations based on age." The author of this essay was Hillary Rodham.

A RIGHTS-BASED, individualistic view of marriage is questionable in its own terms, but these theoretical questions would become insuperable objections if it could be shown that children are harmed by growing up in mother-only, or communal, or swinging, or divorced households. The academic study of families during the 1970's, however, did not produce an unchallenged body of evidence demonstrating that this was the case. There were several studies that attempted to measure the impact of mother-only families on their children's school attainment, job success, and personal conduct,

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but many discovered either no effects or ones that were ambiguous or equivocal.

I first became aware of this in the early 1980's when Richard J. Herrnstein and I were writing *Crime and Human Nature*. One of my tasks was to prepare the first draft of the chapter on the effects on crime rates of what were then called broken homes. I fully expected to find a raft of studies showing that growing up in a mother-only home put the child, especially the boy, at risk for criminality.

I did not find what I had expected to find. To be sure, I ran across the familiar fact that men in prison tended disproportionately to come from broken homes, but men in prison also tended to have parents who were themselves criminal and to come from poor, minority backgrounds. Since these factors—class, race, parental criminality, and family status—tended to co-vary, it was not clear that family background had any effect independent of temperament or circumstance. Similarly, Elizabeth Herzog and Cecelia Sudia reviewed eighteen studies of female-headed families carried out between 1950 and 1970. They found that in seven there was more delinquency in father-absent homes, in four there was less, and in seven the results were mixed. Some studies showed boys in father-absent homes failing to develop an appropriate masculine identity and others uncovered no such effect. (There was—and is—ample evidence that children from cold, discordant homes are likely to have plenty of problems, but there are lots of cold, discordant *two*-parent families.)

Since I wrote that chapter, though, the evidence that single-parent families are bad for children has mounted. There will never be anything like conclusive proof of this proposition unless we randomly assign babies at birth to single- and two-parent families of various economic and ethnic circumstances and then watch them grow up. Happily the laws and customs of this country make such an experiment unlikely. Short of that, the best evidence comes from longitudinal studies that follow children as they grow up in whatever kind of family nature has provided.

One example: when the 5,000 children born in the United Kingdom during the first week of March 1946 were followed for three decades, those raised in families broken by divorce or desertion were more likely than those living in two-parent families to become delinquent.[3]

A second example: for many years, Sheppard Kellam and his colleagues at Johns Hopkins University followed several hundred poor, black, first-grade children in a depressed neighborhood in Chicago. Each child lived in one of several different family types, depending on how many and what kinds of adults were present. In about one-third of families the mother was the only adult present; in another third there was both a mother and a father. (Only a tiny fraction was headed by a father with no mother present.) The remainder was made up of various combinations of mothers, grandparents, uncles, aunts, adult brothers and sisters, and various unrelated adults. By the time the children entered the third grade, those who lived with their mothers alone were the worst off in terms of their socialization. After ten years, the boys who had grown up in mother-only families (which by then made up about half the total) reported more delinquencies, regardless of family income, than those who had grown up in families with multiple adults, especially a father.[4]

By 1986, when Rolf and Magda Loeber of the University of Pittsburgh reviewed 23 studies assessing the relationship of parental absence (usually, father absence) to juvenile delinquency, they found an effect, though smaller than the one caused by discord within a two-parent family.[5] One problem with their overall conclusion was that they lumped together families where the biological father had never been present with those in which he left, as a result of separation, divorce, or death, while the child was growing up. Inspecting their data suggests that if the latter cases are omitted, the connection between family status and criminality is strengthened a bit: fathers never present create greater hazards than fathers who depart (owing to death or divorce) later in the child's life. The greatest hazard of all is found in families where the parents have the greatest number of problems—they are absent, discordant, rejecting, incompetent, and criminal.

THE most recent important study of family structure was done in 1988 by the Department of Health and Human Services. It surveyed the family arrangements of more than 60,000 children living in households all over the country. Interviews were conducted in order to identify any childhood problems in health, schoolwork, and personal conduct. These results were tabulated according to the age, sex, and ethnicity of the child and the income and marital status of the parents.

The results were striking. At every income level save the very highest (over $50,000 per year), for both sexes and for whites, blacks, and Hispanics

[3] M.E.J. Wadsworth, *Roots of Delinquency*, Barnes & Noble (1979).

[4] Sheppard Kellam *et al.*, "The Long-Term Evolution of the Family Structure of Teenage and Older Mothers," *Journal of Marriage and the Family*, vol. 44 (1982), pp. 539-554; Kellam *et al.*, "Family Structure and the Mental Health of Children," *Archives of General Psychiatry*, vol. 34 (1977), pp. 1012-1022; Margaret Ensminger *et al.*, "School and Family Origins of Delinquency: Comparisons By Sex," in Katherine T. Van Dusen and Sarnoff A. Mednick, eds., *Prospective Studies of Crime and Delinquency*, Kluwer-Nijhoff (1983).

[5] "Family Factors as Correlates and Predictors of Juvenile Conduct Problems and Delinquency," in Michael Tonry and Norval Morris, eds., *Crime and Justice: An Annual Review of Research*, University of Chicago Press (1986), pp. 29-149.

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alike, children living with a never-married or a divorced mother were substantially worse off than those living in two-parent families. Compared to children living with both biological parents, children in single-parent families were twice as likely to have been expelled or suspended from school, to display emotional or behavioral problems, and to have problems with their peers; they were also much more likely to engage in antisocial behavior. These differences were about as wide in households earning over $35,000 a year as they were in those making less than $10,000.[6]

Charles Murray of the American Enterprise Institute has been looking at the people whose lives have been followed by the National Longitudinal Study of Youth (NLSY) since they were in high school (they are now in their late twenties or early thirties). The NLSY not only keeps careful records of the schooling, jobs, and income of these young adults, it also looks at the home environment in which they are raising any children they may have. These home observations rate emotional quality, parental involvement in child care, style of discipline, and the like. The homes, thus observed, can be ranked from best to worst.

Murray has compared the home environments with the economic status of the parents and the legal status of the child. The odds of the children living in the worst home environments were powerfully affected by two things: whether the parents were married when they had the baby and whether they were regular welfare recipients. The child of an unmarried woman who was a chronic welfare recipient had one chance in six of growing up in the worst—that is, emotionally the worst—environment. The child of a married woman who never went on welfare had only one chance in 42.[7]

Being poor hurts children. Living in a rotten neighborhood hurts them. Having cold or neglectful parents certainly hurts them. But so also does being illegitimate and living on welfare. This is generally true for whites as well as blacks.

And so also does being a teenage mother. For many years, Frank Furstenberg of the University of Pennsylvania and his colleagues have been following 300 teenage mothers living in Baltimore. What they have found supports the public's view. Teenage girls who have babies fare much worse than ones who postpone child-bearing, and this is true even among girls of the same socioeconomic background and academic aptitude. They are more likely to go on welfare, and less likely to enter into a stable marriage. The children of teenage mothers, compared with those of older ones, tend to have more trouble in school, to be more aggressive, and to have less self-control. This is especially true of boys.[8]

We have always had teenage mothers, and in some less-developed societies that is the norm. What is new and troubling about the present situation is the vast increase in the number of teenage mothers and their concentration in the same neighborhoods. A girl with a baby presents one kind of problem when she is either a rarity or is embedded in an extended family that provides guidance and assistance from older women living with her. She presents a very different and much more serious problem when she is one of thousands of similarly situated youngsters living in the same neighborhood or public-housing project, trying to maintain an independent household on welfare.

A lot more light will be shed on these issues when Sara McLanahan at Princeton and Gary Sandefur at the University of Wisconsin publish their careful analysis of the best available longitudinal data bases.[9] There are at least four of these files—the already-mentioned National Longitudinal Study of Youth; the Panel Study of Income Dynamics; the High School and Beyond Study; and the National Survey of Families and Households. McLanahan and Sandefur are looking at the effect of family structure, after controlling for income, race, and education, on such things as a child's chances of graduating from high school, a girl's chances of becoming a teenage mother, and a boy's chances of being idle (that is, neither working nor in school). Their results so far suggest that children who grow up in single-parent families do less well than those who grow up in intact families, and that this is true whether they are white or black, rich or poor, boys or girls. These other factors make a difference—it is better to be white than black, rich than poor—but so does family status.

I THINK that the American people are right in their view of families. When they look at the dramatic increase in divorce, single-parent families, and illegitimate children that has taken place over the last 30 years, they see families in decline. They do not need studies to tell them that these outcomes are generally bad, because they have had these outcomes happen to them or to people they know. Divorce may sometimes be the right and necessary remedy for fundamentally flawed marriages and for the conditions created by an abusive or neglectful spouse, but in general divorce makes people worse off: the woman becomes poorer and the children more distressed. Properly raising a child

[6] Deborah A. Dawson, "Family Structure and Children's Health: United States, 1988," *Vital and Health Statistics*, Series 10, No. 178 (June 1991).

[7] "Reducing Poverty and Reducing the Underclass: Different Problems, Different Solutions," paper presented to the Conference on Reducing Poverty in America, January 15, 1993, at the Anderson Graduate School of Management, UCLA.

[8] Frank F. Furstenberg, Jr., Jeanne Brooks-Gunn, and Lindsay Chase-Lansdale, "Teenage Pregnancy and Childbearing," *American Psychologist*, vol. 44 (1989), pp. 313-320.

[9] *Uncertain Childhood, Uncertain Future* (Harvard University Press, forthcoming).

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is an enormous responsibility that often taxes the efforts and energies of two parents; one parent is likely to be overwhelmed. Children born out of wedlock are in the great majority of cases children born into poverty. Millions of people are living testimony to these bleak facts. If scholars say that the evidence is not conclusive, so much the worse for scholars. But now, I believe, scholars are starting to find hard facts to support popular impressions.

The debate over the effects of family structure continues, albeit with some prospect of a consensus emerging some time in the near future. But there is not even a glimmer of such an accord with respect to the other hot topic in family studies—day care. The dominant view among child psychologists is that day care is not harmful. For a long time Professor Jay Belsky of Pennsylvania State University shared that view. When he changed his mind, he was excoriated. He is now of the opinion that day care, especially in the first year of life, is harmful in some respects to some children.

In a widely-reported 1988 article, Belsky reviewed all the studies measuring the effect of nonmaternal care on attachment and social development and concluded that, subject to many caveats,

> entry into [day] care in the first year of life for twenty hours or more per week is a "risk factor" for the development of insecure attachment in infancy and heightened aggressiveness, noncompliance, and withdrawal in the preschool and early school years.[10]

By "risk factor" Belsky meant that the child in day care was somewhat more likely to experience these adverse outcomes than would a similar child under parental care, especially if the day care was not of high quality.

Some critics argued with Belsky on scientific grounds, saying that the evidence was less clear-cut than he suggested, that the measure of emotional well-being he used (observing how a child reacts after it is separated from its mother) was flawed, that children turn out well in cultures where nonparental care is commonplace, and that whatever ill effects exist (if any) do not last.

But many attacked him politically, and even the scholarly critiques had a sharp edge to them. As with family structure, what is at stake in this controversy are not just facts and interpretations but philosophy and policy: if day care has bad effects, then women ought to care for their children in their own homes. And that is a politically-incorrect conclusion. Many scholars feel, I believe, that to support the claim of family decline is to give aid and comfort to conservative politicians and religious leaders who bemoan that decline and call for the reassertion of "traditional values." In short, what is at stake is Murphy Brown.

The Changing Culture

Both teenage pregnancies and single-parent families have increased dramatically since the 1950's. Changes in the economy and in the provision of welfare benefits explain some of this growth but not all or even most of it. There are no doubt some features peculiar to American society that explain some of it, but since the decline of the family—that is, in lasting marriages and legitimate births—has happened in many nations, it cannot be entirely the result of American policies or peculiarities.

We are witnessing a profound, worldwide, long-term change in the family that is likely to continue for a long time. The causes of that change are not entirely understood, but probably involve two main forces: a shift in the family's economic function and a shift in the culture in which it is embedded. The family no longer is the unit that manages economic production, as it was when agriculture was the dominant form of production, nor is it any longer the principal provider of support for the elderly or education for the young.

At the same time, the family no longer exercises as much control over its members as it once did, and broader kinship groupings (clans, tribes, and extended families) no longer exercise as much control over nuclear families. Since the Enlightenment, the dominant tendency in legal and philosophical thought has been to emancipate the individual from all forms of tutelage—the state, revealed religion, ancient custom—including the tutelage of kin. This emancipation has proceeded episodically and unevenly, but relentlessly. Liberal political theory has celebrated the individual and constrained the state, but it has been silent about the family.

What is remarkable is how well the family has survived this process. Were the family the mere social convention that some scholars imagine, it would long since have gone the way of cottage industries and the owner-occupied farm, the inevitable victim of the individualizing and rationalizing tendencies of modern life. But, of course, the family is not a human contrivance invented to accomplish some goal and capable of being reinvented or reformulated to achieve different goals.

Family—and kinship generally—are the fundamental organizing facts of all human societies, primitive or advanced, and have been such for tens of thousands of years. The family is the product of evolutionary processes that have selected against people who are inclined to abandon their offspring and for people who are prepared to care for them, and to provide this caring within

[10] "The 'Effects' of Infant Day Care Reconsidered," *Early Childhood Research Quarterly*, vol. 3 (1988), pp. 235-272. For a response, see Tiffany Field, *Infancy*, Harvard University Press (1990), pp. 90-93.

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kinship systems defined primarily along genetic lines. If kinship were a cultural artifact, we could as easily define it on the basis of height, athletic skill, or political status, and children would be raised in all manner of collectives, ranging from state-run orphanages to market-supplied foster homes. Orphanages and foster homes do of course exist, but only as matters of last resort designed (with great public anxiety) to provide care when the biological family does not exist or cannot function.

If the family were merely a convenience and if it responded entirely to economic circumstances, the current debate over family policy would be far less rancorous than it is. Liberals would urge that we professionalize child-rearing through day care; conservatives would urge that we subsidize it through earned-income tax credits. Liberals would define the welfare problem as entirely a matter of poverty and recommend more generous benefits as the solution; conservatives would define it as entirely a matter of dependency and recommend slashing benefits as the solution. Liberals would assume that the problem is that families have too little money, conservatives that families get such money as they have from the state. There would still be a battle, but in the end it would come down to some negotiated compromise involving trade-offs among benefit levels, eligibility rules, and the public-private mix of child-care providers.

But once one conceives of the family problem as involving to a significant degree the conflict between a universal feature of human society and a profound cultural challenge to the power of that institution, the issue takes on a different character. To the extent that one believes in the cultural challenge—that is, in individual emancipation and individual choice—one tends to question the legitimacy and influence of the family. To the extent that one believes in the family, one is led to question some or all parts of the cultural challenge.

That is why the debate over "family values" has been so strident. On both sides people feel that it is the central battle in the culture war that now grips Americans (or at least American elites). They are absolutely right. To many liberals, family values means a reassertion of male authority, a reduction in the hard-earned rights of women, and a license for abusive or neglectful parents to mistreat their children free of prompt and decisive social intervention. For some liberals, family values means something even more troubling: that human nature is less malleable than is implied by the doctrine of environmental determinism and cultural relativism—that it is to some significant degree fixed, immutable. To many conservatives, family values is the main line of resistance against homosexual marriages, bureaucratized child care, and compulsory sex education in the schools. For some conservatives, the family means a defense against the very idea of a planned society.

Now, reasonable people—say, the typical mother or father—will take a less stark view of the alternatives. They will agree with conservatives that the family is the central institution of society, incapable of being replaced or even much modified without disastrous consequences. They will be troubled by same-sex marriages, upset by teenage girls becoming mothers, angered by public subsidies for illegitimate births, and outraged by the distribution of condoms and explicit sex-education manuals to elementary-school children. But they will agree with many liberals that we ought not to confine women to domestic roles or make them subservient to male power and that we ought to recognize and cope with the financial hardships that young couples have today when they try to live on one income in a big city.

On one issue most parents will squarely identify with the conservative side, and it is, in my view, the central issue. They will want our leaders, the media, television programs, and motion pictures to take their side in the war over what the family is. It is not one of several alternative lifestyles; it is not an arena in which rights are negotiated; it is not an old-fashioned and reactionary barrier to a promiscuous sex life; it is not a set of cost-benefit calculations. *It is a commitment.*

It is a commitment required for child-rearing and thus for any realistic prospect of human happiness. It is a commitment that may be entered into after romantic experimentation and with some misgivings about lost freedoms, but once entered into it is a commitment that persists for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse. It is a commitment for which there is no feasible substitute, and hence no child ought lightly to be brought into a world where that commitment—from both parents—is absent. It is a commitment that often is joyfully enlivened by mutual love and deepening friendship, but it is a commitment even when these things are absent.

There is no way to prepare for the commitment other than to make it. The idea that a man and a woman can live together without a commitment in order to see if they would like each other after they make the commitment is preposterous. Living together may inform you as to whether your partner snores or is an alcoholic or sleeps late; it may be fun and exciting; it may even be the best you can manage in an imperfect world. But it is not a way of finding out how married life will be, because married life is shaped by the fact that the couple has made a solemn vow before their family and friends that this is for keeps and that any children will be their joint and permanent responsibility. It changes everything.

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Despite high divorce rates and a good deal of sleeping around, most people understand this. Certainly women understand it, since one of their most common complaints about the men they know is that they will not make a commitment. You bet they won't, not if they can get sex, cooking, and companionship on a trial basis, all the while keeping their eyes peeled for a better opportunity elsewhere. Marriage is in large measure a device for reining in the predatory sexuality of males. It works quite imperfectly, as is evident from the fact that men are more likely than women to have extramarital affairs and to abandon their spouses because a younger or more exciting possibility has presented herself. But it works better than anything else mankind has been able to invent.

Because most people understand this, the pressures, economic and cultural, on the modern family have not destroyed it. And this is remarkable, considering the spread of no-fault divorce laws. The legal system has, in effect, said, "Marriage is not a commitment; it is a convenience. If you feel yours is inconvenient, we will make it easy for you to get out of it." This radical transformation of family law occurred, as Mary Ann Glendon of the Harvard Law School has shown, in many industrialized countries at about the same time. It may or may not have caused the rise in the divorce rate, but it certainly did nothing to slow it down.

The legal system has also altered child-custody rules so that, instead of being automatically assigned to the father (as was the case in the 19th century, when the father was thought to "own" all the family's property including the child), the child is now assigned by the judge on the basis of its "best interests." In the vast majority of cases, that means with the mother. I sometimes wonder what would happen to family stability if every father knew for certain that, should the marriage end, he would have to take custody of the children. My guess is: more committed fathers.

These cultural and legal changes, all aimed at individualizing and empowering family members, have had an effect. In 1951, 51 percent of all Americans agreed with the statement that "parents who don't get along should not stay together because there are children in the family." By 1985, 86 percent agreed.[11] Still, these changes have not devastated modern families. The shopping malls, baseball stadiums, and movie theaters are filled with them doing what families have always done. That fact is a measure of the innate power of the family bond.

Yet the capacity for resisting these changes is unequally distributed in society. Christopher Jencks of Northwestern University puts it this way:

> Now that the mass media, the schools, and even the churches have begun to treat single parenthood as a regrettable but inescapable part of modern life, we can hardly expect the respectable poor to carry on the struggle against illegitimacy and desertion with their old fervor. They still deplore such behavior, but they cannot make it morally taboo. Once the two-parent norm loses its moral sanctity, the selfish considerations that always pulled poor parents apart often become overwhelming.[12]

Culture and Politics

THE central issue in family policy is whether or not it will be animated entirely by an economic view of family functions and consist entirely of economic solutions to family needs. The principal source of domestic social-policy advice to Bill Clinton during his presidential campaign was the Progressive Policy Institute (PPI), and in particular Elaine Kamarck and William Galston. "The best antipoverty program for children is a stable, intact family," they wrote in their report, *Mandate for Change.* Though not neglecting economic measures, such as a tax credit for each child and an earned-income tax credit to supplement the wages of the working poor, the PPI urged that the divorce laws be changed to protect children better, that efforts be intensified to promote parental responsibility for child care, that pregnant women who use drugs be required to undergo periodic drug testing, and that the earnings of absent parents be taxed to pay for their children. And the report called for the President to use his bully pulpit to reinforce the importance of intact and caring families.

As of this writing, only Galston of all those connected with the PPI has been appointed to even a moderately significant position in the Clinton administration (he joined the White House domestic-policy staff). Clinton's Secretary of Health and Human Services, Donna Shalala, had virtually nothing to say about these matters in her confirmation hearing before the Senate Finance Committee. There will in time be a debate on welfare policy; Clinton has promised to appoint a task force to make recommendations. Perhaps something will happen, though the history of past efforts at welfare reform suggests that few in Congress have the stomach for it and few scholars expect that such reforms as pass will make much of a difference.

The truth of the matter is that the most important features of family life are beyond the reach of policy. The recently passed family-leave bill in large measure merely ratifies opportunities that large firms have been granting to their em-

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[11] David Popenoe, "The Family Condition of America," paper prepared for a Brookings Institution seminar on values and public policy (March 1992), citing a study by Norval Glenn.

[12] "Deadly Neighborhoods," the *New Republic*, June 13, 1988, pp. 23-32.

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ployees for some time; it will make things a bit easier for middle-class mothers but will do little for poor, teenage ones. The far more contentious issue of welfare reform will not be so easily resolved, but it is hard to imagine any feasible change in the existing rules that will make much of a difference in the chances of a child being born out of wedlock. Expanding the earned-income tax credit may help poor working parents, but do we really want single mothers of two-year-old children to work? Tightening the divorce laws may be a good idea, but it will not make much difference to parents who never got married in the first place. Improving the system for collecting child-support payments is a good idea, but many fathers who desert their children have little money to be collected and, in any event, this is not likely to convert uncommitted impregnators into committed fathers.

I suspect that the culture of the family will have to be rebuilt from the bottom up. Certainly Robert Woodson, head of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, thinks so. He and his associates have been energetically pursuing this goal by supporting local church-related groups that try to encourage men to take responsibility for their children. There are many other local efforts to get men to marry their pregnant lovers and to sign the birth certificates of their children.

But these efforts proceed against the cultural grain, or at least against the grain of the high culture. When the people who deliver mocking attacks on "traditional family values" are the same ones who endorse condom distribution among elementary-school children, the average parent is led to wonder whether he or she is being a sucker for trying to stay together and raise the kids. Most Americans, I would guess, understand very clearly the difference between a traditional family and an oppressive one; they want the former but not the latter. Most women, I would guess, can distinguish very easily between the rights they have won and the obligations they retain; they cherish both and see no fundamental conflict between them, except the inescapable problem that there is not enough time for everything and so everyone must make choices.

It is extraordinary how well most husbands and wives have held up in the face of constant taunts comparing them to Ozzie and Harriet. The family life that most Americans want is regarded by the eminences of the media and the academy as a cartoon life, fit only for ridicule and rejection. When the history of our times is written, this raging cultural war will deserve careful attention, for it is far more consequential than any of the other cleavages that divide us.

Many Americans hope that President Clinton will stand up for "traditional family values," by which they mean, not male supremacy, spouse abuse, or docile wives, but the overriding importance of two-parent families that make child care their central responsibility. Clinton wants to stay in touch with the people at town meetings; fine, but let him say at those meetings that nobody should conceive a child that he and she are not emotionally ready to care for. The best, albeit an imperfect, sign of that readiness is the marriage vow. Let him say that it is wrong—not just imprudent, but wrong—to bear children out of wedlock. Let him meet with local ministers and neighborhood groups that are trying to encourage marriage and discourage predatory male sexuality. Such statements may earn Clinton dismayed groans from sitcom producers and ideological accusations from sociology professors, but at least the people would know that he is on their side.

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Hiss: Guilty as Charged

Sam Tanenhaus

THE Alger Hiss case, as by now everyone must know, did not end with Hiss's conviction in 1950 on two counts of perjury. For no sooner had the verdict been pronounced than Hiss launched a massive legal campaign that lasted three decades and included every conceivable attempt to have the conviction overturned until, in 1983, the Supreme Court refused for a third and final time to hear the case.

Simultaneously a parallel campaign, equally tireless, was being waged in numerous books and articles. This campaign kept alive the belief that Hiss had not lied about his secret career as a Soviet agent and that he had been railroaded by the chief witness for the prosecution, the late Whittaker Chambers. But it was not until October 29, 1992, two weeks before Hiss's eighty-eighth birthday, that he and his partisans enjoyed a major breakthrough. On that day the *New York Times* reported that General Dmitri A. Volkogonov, an adviser to Russian President Boris Yeltsin and the chairman of that country's Military Intelligence archives, had examined mountains of confidential files and concluded from them that the espionage charges against Hiss were, in Volkogonov's words, "completely groundless."

Since the general neglected to substantiate his findings, they were met with skepticism by scholars of the Hiss case and by Sovietologists. But not by the media. The day the *Times* story appeared, the three major television networks each publicized Hiss's supposed exoneration on the evening news, and CNN sounded a drumbeat all day long. The next morning's headlines repeated the story: Hiss had been cleared.

This spectacle was too much even for Volkogonov, who soon had second thoughts. On November 24, he published a sheepish letter in Moscow's *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* retracting his initial claim. His search of the archives, he now admitted, had consisted mainly of discussions with KGB employees. On December 17, the *Times* published a follow-up which included Volkogonov's further admission that he himself had spent a total of two days combing files, and the few documents he had seen "give no basis to claim a full clarification" of Hiss's role as a spy. The general added that Hiss's emissary to Moscow, John Lowenthal, "pushed me hard to say things of which I was not fully convinced." Volkogonov's categorical avowal of Hiss's innocence was, after all, "only my personal opinion as a historian."

An opinion overvalued from the outset. Not because Volkogonov, the author of a biography of Stalin, lacks credentials as a historian; but because it was risible for him to think—if he really did—that Russian intelligence (or *any* intelligence agency) would ever release the name of a sensitively placed and still living spy and thereby jeopardize the cooperation of agents in the future.

This fact alone should have tempered the jubilant response to Volkogonov's first statement, but a certain romance has accrued in the past year to the Soviet archives. Many seem to imagine that on a shelf somewhere in the bowels of Foreign Intelligence (formerly KGB) or Military Intelligence (GRU) there must repose a file labeled, "Hiss, Alger" with a cross-reference to "Chambers, Whittaker." If such a file does not exist, Hiss was not a spy. Case closed.

SERIOUS researchers look at the matter differently. They understand that whatever shreds of documentation on Hiss survived first the ritual upheavals of the Soviet Union, and then its collapse, probably consist of fugitive references buried in places where the appointed destroyers or cleansers of files might not think to look.

And so it is not surprising to learn that Alger Hiss's name *has* surfaced among confidential papers in at least one Communist repository—the History Archive of the Ministry of the Interior in Budapest, Hungary. Its holdings include a dossier on the American diplomat Noel Field, a Communist agent living in Europe in May 1949, when he was spirited off to Prague and then to Hungary as part of the international purge ordered that year by Stalin.

In February 1992, a Hungarian historian, Maria Schmidt, came upon interrogations of Field conducted by the Hungarian secret police in 1954, as part of Field's "rehabilitation." On at

SAM TANENHAUS has a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities for a biography of Whittaker Chambers, to be published by Random House. His article, "What the Anti-Communists Knew," appeared in our July 1990 issue.

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least four occasions, Field named Hiss as a fellow spy. Field also told of his anxiety when he learned of Whittaker Chambers's testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) in August 1948. He further told how Hiss and Hede Massing—a former Comintern agent who testified at Hiss's second perjury trial—had competed in the mid-1930's to recruit Field for espionage work. The Hungarian dossier includes letters to Field from Hiss (correspondence between the two has also surfaced elsewhere—for instance in FBI files). And there are transcripts of phone calls monitored after Field's release from prison. In these he muses on the coincidence that he and Hiss—the one imprisoned in Hungary, the other in the United States—were given their freedom on precisely the same day.

A year after Mrs. Schmidt first saw the Field file and requested photocopies of it, Hungarian officials have at last agreed to release selected documents. These seal the case against Alger Hiss.*

But then the case was sealed long ago. Or should have been. In 1977, Allen Weinstein interviewed a Czech historian, Karel Kaplan, who had uncovered documents very much like those found by Mrs. Schmidt. Weinstein summarized their contents in his landmark study, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (1978), but cultural amnesia proved too potent, and this key evidence was forgotten amid the clamor surrounding Volkogonov's declaration. And so, once again, it is necessary to spell out the terms of Alger Hiss's guilt.

THE Hiss case began on August 3, 1948, when Whittaker Chambers, a senior editor of *Time* magazine and a self-confessed ex-Communist, appeared as a witness before HUAC. Chambers testified that in the 1930's he had been attached as a courier to a Communist cell formed in Washington, D.C. The cell had been organized by Harold Ware, a well-known Communist, and its members included eight government officials whom Chambers named and identified. The last was Alger Hiss, a former Assistant Secretary of State who had presided over the founding conference of the United Nations in 1945 and in February 1947 had left the government to assume the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The committee subsequently interviewed all eight alleged Communists. Six declined to answer the questions put to them, pleading the Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination. Not one of the six would say whether he was a Communist, whether he knew Chambers, or even whether he knew Hiss.

The two remaining witnesses, Alger Hiss and his brother Donald, were more forthright. Or seemed to be. Both emphatically denied Chambers's allegations. Alger Hiss was better known than his brother—indeed, than any of the seven others named by Chambers—and was also more aggressive in his rebuttal of Chambers's claims. It was, then, Hiss's testimony that the committee followed up on in what soon became a contest between two witnesses—Chambers and Hiss.

From that moment forward, the Hiss defense has rested on the argument that Hiss was by far the more credible witness, that in fact Chambers was, in Hiss's phrase, a "psychopathic liar." This argument has rested in turn on two admitted inconsistencies in Chambers's testimony.

The first concerns the matter of espionage. Chambers initially told the committee that the Ware group had not been a spy ring but a cell whose members aimed to infiltrate high government posts in order to influence policy. But on November 17, 1948, having been sued by Hiss for slander, Chambers appeared at a pre-trial deposition bearing copies of confidential State Department documents typed on Hiss's Woodstock typewriter. He also had memos handwritten by Hiss, and later produced rolls of microfilm. Most of this material, Chambers said, had originated with Hiss, who had passed it on to Chambers himself for transmittal to the Soviet Union.

A question now arose: why had Chambers withheld the documents before and perjured himself on the matter of espionage? Because, said Chambers, he had wanted to protect Hiss, to tax him only with the allegation that he had once been a Communist, which was not, after all, a crime.

Hiss's defenders maintain, however, that Chambers told the truth in his initial testimony—there had never been any espionage. The documents, they say, were fakes, manufactured by the FBI or HUAC (or both) as part of a frame-up. Yet several acquaintances of Chambers knew of the documents long before he produced them in 1948. One was his wife's nephew, Nathan Levine, who testified that in 1938 he had hidden in the dumbwaiter of a Brooklyn apartment a sealed envelope given him by Chambers for safekeeping. After Hiss lodged his suit for slander, Levine had taken Chambers to the apartment and helped him extract the package. It was stuffed with papers and microfilm.

This meant that Chambers had lied in his August 1948 HUAC appearances, when he disavowed any knowledge of espionage in the Ware group. Or had he? A look at the testimony makes it clear that even in his first HUAC appearance Chambers did not rule out espionage as a function of the Ware group and, in fact, subtly implied the opposite. As he said in his opening remarks on August 3, 1948:

> The purpose of this group was not *primarily* espionage. Its *original* purpose was the Communist infiltration of the American government. But espionage was *certainly* one of its *eventual* objectives. [Emphasis added.]

* Mrs. Schmidt's complete findings will appear in an article not yet scheduled for publication. It includes new information not only on Hiss and Field but also on J. Peters, the Hungarian-born Communist who headed the underground apparatus of the American Communist party in the 1930's.

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These qualifications, significant in themselves, are doubly so if we understand Chambers to have been addressing not only the committee but also those he was informing against. Someone following Chambers's remarks closely—someone such as Alger Hiss—could detect in them an implicit warning, a warning amplified by the overt plea that concluded Chambers's prepared statement:

> I should like, thus publicly, to call upon all ex-Communists who have not yet declared themselves, and all men within the Communist party whose better instincts have not yet been corrupted and crushed by it, to aid in this struggle *while there is still time to do so.* [Emphasis added.]

In the moment of his very first public testimony, Chambers wished to give those he named a chance to come forward on their own and thereby spare themselves the full brunt of his knowledge.

Especially Hiss. For it was Hiss, Chambers believed, who above the rest had "better instincts." He had, too, "a great gentleness and sweetness of character," and was nothing less than Chambers's best friend in thirteen years as a Communist, the two men bound in a harmony of feeling that exceeded even the unique camaraderie fostered by the party's clandestine culture. Some months after he had himself broken with Communism, Chambers had risked reprisal by visiting Hiss at his home and begging him to leave the party as well. A memorandum written in 1938 by the journalist Herbert Solow, whose counsel Chambers sought at the time he defected, includes this notation recorded on December 17, 1938:

> He [Chambers] feels hesitant about breaking his story open because he does not wish to cause trouble to some agent whom he regards as a sincere and devoted person.

Ten years later, summoned as a witness by HUAC, Chambers still wished to protect the "sincere and devoted" Hiss insofar as it was possible, even at the cost of perjury.

The second of Chambers's purported lies has to do with the date he gave for his break with the Communist party. On many different occasions Chambers said he had broken in late 1937. Yet some of the documents he produced in response to Hiss's suit were dated as late as April 1938. How could he have received them at that time if he had ceased being a Communist several months earlier?

Chambers's explanation was that he had been mistaken about the date of his defection. It must have occurred later than he initially thought. Later, additional documentation confirming the 1938 break came from sources other than Chambers himself.

Still, skeptics say, the discrepancy remains, and it undermines Chambers's reliability as a witness. There are two answers to this. First, as sound as Chambers's memory was, he had a terrible head for numbers. Dates, in particular, gave him trouble. In FBI interviews he bungled the date of the single most traumatic event in his life, his younger brother's suicide, which he placed in 1925 instead of 1926. And he also mistakenly placed his own enrollment in the Communist party in 1924 when he actually joined in 1925.

The second reason Chambers flubbed the date was that his defection happened gradually and was preceded by an escalation of disenchantment from which it was impossible to isolate a single, decisive incident. This experience was typical of ex-Communists, as it is typical of anyone who frees himself from the clutches of a suffocating faith.

In Chambers's case, he had begun to waver in his belief as early as 1936, and in 1937 he wrote a letter to his good friend, the art historian Meyer Schapiro, confessing the doubts planted in his mind by the Moscow show trials. Not long after this, Chambers himself was ordered to go to Moscow. Instead, he plotted his escape. This too occurred in stages, for he had to be careful not to alert his confederates even as he purchased a getaway car and procured a government job that took him outside the closed circle of party activities. In later years, it was the stunning realization that he would quit the Communist party—the moment of revelation, fear, and release—that seemed paramount. The first chapter of Chambers's memoir *Witness* opens with this sentence: "In 1937, I began, like Lazarus, the impossible return."

These two discrepancies aside, Chambers was a remarkably straightforward witness, who did not even have an attorney present at his HUAC sessions. Hiss, on the other hand, was repeatedly evasive and equivocal. But he did not seem so at first. Here is the opening statement he made to HUAC on August 5, 1948:

> I am not and never have been a member of the Communist party. I do not and have never adhered to the tenets of the Communist party. I am not and never have been a member of any Communist-front organization. I have never followed the Communist-party line, directly or indirectly. To the best of my knowledge, none of my friends is a Communist. . . . To the best of my knowledge, I never heard of Whittaker Chambers until in 1947, when two representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation asked me if I knew him and various other people, some of whom I knew and some of whom I did not know. I said I did not know Chambers. So far as I know, I have never laid eyes on him, and I should like to have the opportunity to do so.

So categorical was Hiss's denial of Chambers's charges that two days later Chambers was summoned before the committee for a closed session

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and challenged to substantiate his original testimony. This time he explained that Hiss had known him not as Whittaker Chambers but as "Carl," a Communist alias. Under close questioning from Congressman Richard Nixon, who alone had been skeptical of Hiss's testimony, Chambers now provided such particulars as he could dredge up of his relationship with Hiss, which had ended ten years before.

Chambers meticulously described the interior of Hiss's home, where he often had stayed overnight. He commented on Hiss's enthusiasm for bird-watching (thus was introduced the famous prothonotary warbler) and described Hiss's car, a Ford—"it was black and very dilapidated" with "hand windshield wipers." He remembered Hiss telling him that as a small boy in Baltimore he had loaded a wagon with bottles of spring water and sold them to neighbors. He remembered so much and in such specificity of detail that, in the view of the committee, Hiss's contention that he had never known Chambers was badly shaken, if not yet destroyed.

Some of Chambers's reminiscences leaked into news stories the following day, and Hiss, reading them, shifted tactics. In his next appearance before the committee (August 16), he abandoned the pretense that he had not known his accuser and admitted that the photograph of Chambers he had been shown earlier "ha[d] a certain familiarity." In fact, it might belong to a man Hiss had known in 1935 as "George Crosley," a freelance writer interested in interviewing him for a series of articles on munitions—a man physically identical to Chambers, who had sublet Hiss's apartment, been given use of Hiss's car, and cadged small sums he failed to repay.

Crosley, said Hiss, was a raffish character, who "purported to be a cross between Jim Tully, the author, and Jack London," with a weakness for telling tall tales about his many "escapades." These were, Hiss suspected, more often imagined than real, and he had not been surprised when Crosley completed none of his proposed articles. This was in keeping with his having welshed on the rent and on Hiss's loans. Chambers's confidence game went on for some months before Hiss wised up. "I had been a sucker and he was a sort of deadbeat; not a bad character, but I think he just was using me for a soft touch."

This depiction of "Crosley" was ingeniously constructed. It drew on genuine attributes of Chambers's personality—his tendency to romanticize his experiences and to exaggerate his exploits—and was instantly familiar to his oldest friends. Hiss's description thus stood as paradoxical proof that his friendship with Chambers was rather close. Even so, Hiss would not commit himself to a positive identification of Crosley-Chambers (as he was soon to call him) until he saw the man face to face.

This was arranged the following day, when Nixon staged a surprise meeting in a Manhattan hotel room. After some improbable by-play involving Hiss's examination of Chambers's dentures, Hiss identified the man standing before him as "George Crosley." He was adamant, however, that his short-lived relationship with Chambers had had nothing to do with Communism. He himself had not been a Communist; it had not crossed his mind that Chambers might be one. The subject never came up, not even in the lulls between Chambers's tall tales.

Yet other Washington acquaintances of Chambers knew this essential fact about him. One was the radical novelist Josephine Herbst, whose husband John Herrmann reportedly was present on the occasion when Chambers and Hiss first met, at a Washington restaurant. Herbst and Herrmann knew Chambers as "Karl" (Chambers spelled it either way), and Herbst remembered Herrmann and Chambers discussing Hiss as "an important prospect" for Ware's espionage operation. Another of Chambers's contacts was Henry Julian Wadleigh, who, like Hiss, worked in the State Department in the mid-1930's. At Hiss's first perjury trial, Wadleigh testified that he had furnished Chambers with classified documents following the exact procedures Chambers said Hiss had used.

As for Hiss's own link with the Communist party, followers of national politics knew of his inclusion in a circle of young officials in the Roosevelt administration who drew fire for subverting the policies of the New Deal. In 1935, Hiss nearly lost his job in consequence of a legal opinion he had written while he was assistant general counsel to the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. The incident resulted in the dismissal of a number of Hiss's legal colleagues, three of whom were named by Chambers as members of the Ware cell: John Abt, Lee Pressman, and Nathan Witt.

Pressman eventually admitted he was a Communist. The others had deep associations with the party. Abt's wife, Jessica Smith, was the editor of *Soviet Russia Today* and the widow of Harold Ware. Witt was Pressman's law partner and, in the words of Walter Goodman in his study of HUAC, *The Committee*, had "flagrant Communist predilections" as secretary of the National Labor Relations Board. Another man named by Chambers, Henry Collins, was identified as a Communist by Lawrence Duggan, a colleague of Hiss in the State Department whom Collins had tried to recruit for espionage. (Duggan did finally become an agent; his name appears in the Hungarian archive. He committed suicide five days after Hiss's indictment.)

And yet Alger Hiss insisted that "To the best of my knowledge, none of my friends is a Communist." He skirted the contradiction by calling Abt, Pressman, and Witt "associates" rather than friends (there is evidence to the contrary). But how to account for Collins, whom Hiss had known

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"since we were boys in camp together," and later saw at Harvard and in Washington? Hiss found a useful solution when he came to write his memoir, *Recollections of a Life*: he simply omitted Collins's name from the book.

Additional evidence of Hiss's connections with the Communist party also came from witnesses other than his chief accuser. Hede Massing testified under oath that she and Hiss had crossed paths in Washington when both were in charge of underground apparatuses. And Nathaniel Weyl, a member of the Ware group *not* mentioned by Chambers, told the Senate Subcomittee on Internal Security in 1952 that Hiss had been a frequent and loyal member of the cell, present at many meetings and conscientious about paying his dues. Weyl, who is still living, reiterated his testimony in a recent interview. Hiss, he remembered, was "a true believer, a deeply committed Communist."

Hiss's dogged avowal of innocence carefully followed the line of defense prescribed by the Communist party. "In England," said a Russian in 1948, later quoted by Rebecca West in *The New Meaning of Treason* (1964),

> persons detected in espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union are instructed . . . to plead guilty and to admit to the police their participation in the particular crime of which they are accused, and nothing more. In the United States such persons are at present [that is, in 1948] instructed to proceed in precisely the opposite way and to deny everything.

Yet even as Hiss struck the posture of the wronged innocent, he set about defaming Whittaker Chambers by spreading various rumors. One was that Chambers had "peddled" fantasies of his own involvement in the Soviet underground in order to impress his superiors at *Time* magazine, when he applied for a job there in 1939. To this day Hiss and his surrogates repeat this falsehood. In fact, Chambers's revelations of his own espionage caused a furor at *Time* when the Hiss case broke and were one reason he was forced to resign in December 1948.

But the most improbable of Hiss's assertions found unexpected support from General Volkogonov, when he said of Chambers:

> I only found that he was a member of the . . . American Communist party, and I think that he also only had contacts through party channels, could have had party contacts but not intelligence contacts.

Since Chambers furnished many details of his six years in the underground, Volkogonov's remark was seized on by Hiss's partisans as clinching evidence of Chambers's inability to distinguish fact from fiction and as justification of their intensive efforts to discredit the entire burden of his testimony.

Hiss's defenders have said, for instance, that Chambers fabricated his reminiscences of Boris Bykov, the Soviet spymaster who, according to Chambers, asked Hiss to procure classified documents from the State Department. Yet a number of Communists knew Bykov to be the spy chief Chambers said he was. A description of Bykov nearly identical to Chambers's own was given to the FBI by another member of the Washington ring, the photographer Felix Inslerman. Two other Communists, the photographer William Edward Crane and the literary agent Maxim Lieber, a good friend of Chambers in the Communist party, also knew Bykov.

Corroboration came as well from a Russian source, Nadezhda Ulanovskaya, whom Chambers knew in the New York underground as "Elaine" (in *Witness* he calls her "Maria") and whose husband, Alexander Ulanovsky ("Ulrich"), was Chambers's first spymaster. In a memoir published in 1982, Ulanovskaya mentions that her husband's successor in the United States was Boris Bykov, whom she describes, precisely as Chambers does, as having "bright red hair." When the Ulanovskys met Bykov in 1939, he told them Chambers had "turned out to be a traitor" and quit the party; in fact, Bykov was "waiting to be arrested any second" for letting him flee. Ulanovskaya's detailed summary of her dealings with Chambers in 1932-33 corroborates *Witness* in almost every particular. Chambers's account of the underground is thoroughly accurate, she writes, save for a few addresses he got wrong.

One last example of Chambers's knowledge of the Soviet underground has been confirmed by my own researches in the KGB archives. It concerns a *cause célèbre* in 1937-38, the "Robinson-Reubens Affair." This incident centered on the plight of a married couple (the husband was Latvian, his wife American) who while visiting Moscow were arrested and detained by Soviet police. American officials in Moscow, learning of the couple's predicament, demanded permission to visit "Ruth Marie Reubens" in jail, but the Soviets would not grant it.

It soon emerged that the couple had departed from New York on two sets of forged passports, one identifying them as "Robinson," the other as "Reubens." The Soviets said "Arnold Reubens" had been arrested as a Nazi agent. In fact, he was a *Soviet* agent—a high-ranking officer, possibly a major, in military intelligence—who had been recalled from the United States as part of the great purge, and who had taken his wife along as insurance against arrest. The tactic failed, but Mrs. Reubens's plight created a diplomatic crisis. One of the documents Chambers produced in 1948 was a note, handwritten by Alger Hiss, that included confidential jottings on the incident and how it was being handled by the chargé d'affaires in Moscow.

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Chambers knew "Arnold Reubens" as "Ewald." They had met through connections in the New York underground. When "Ewald" and his American wife disappeared, Chambers guessed what had happened, and it fed his doubts about his own safety. If the American embassy could not secure the release of Mrs. Robinson-Reubens, an American citizen, what hope of escape had Chambers should he too be summoned "home"?

In 1938, no non-Communist American was better versed in the Robinson-Reubens Affair than Chambers's old friend Herbert Solow, who had written a series of investigative articles on it for the *New York Sun*. It was owing in part to Solow's expertise that Chambers sought his counsel in the trying time of his defection. At several meetings, Chambers sketched the story of his underground activity while Solow quizzed him closely. When the subject turned to Robinson-Reubens, Chambers said, as Solow later remembered, that "this man Reubens is a Latvian and his true name is Ewald." This was news to Solow, and when he later interviewed the Soviet defector, Walter Krivitsky,

> I said Robinson's true name is Ewald. Krivitsky almost jumped out of his seat. He said, "My God, did they get him too?" . . . In other words, when Krivitsky heard the name Ewald, he recognized . . . a comrade in the Communist service. And I had obtained the name from Chambers.

When Chambers and Krivitsky finally met in 1939, they stayed up till dawn trading information on the Soviet underground.

I am now in possession of a copy of the Robinson-Reubens file housed in a division of the KGB archives. The file contains interrogations of Ruth Reubens and of her husband, whose real name was Arnold Ikal. At one point Ikal is asked what aliases he used in the United States. One of them was Ewald. The facts Ikal gives about his background match in almost every detail those given by Chambers, both in *Witness* and "The Faking of Americans," an unpublished manuscript he wrote in 1938 about the Communist passport operation in the United States.

In sum, there can be no doubt that, far from being a "psychopathic liar," Whittaker Chambers had been deeply involved in Communist espionage in the United States. He divulged, in truth, much less than he knew.

WE ARE left to ask why there has been so persistent a belief in the innocence of Alger Hiss. The question was easy enough to answer at the time of the case. As the critic Diana Trilling wrote in *Partisan Review* in 1950, many

> defend Hiss to defend their own areas of ideological agreement with Hiss. And they defend him so absolutely, with such emotions of outrage . . . because they dare not contemplate where they themselves might be blown by the uncharted winds of fashionable doctrine. Hiss must be innocent to prove that they themselves are innocent.

Today the argument feels remote. There is no longer any reason to take up the cause of Alger Hiss out of greater loyalty to the "progressivism" of the Popular Front or to the state socialism repudiated in our day at its very source, the former Soviet Union. Nor can the case be made, as it once was, that Hiss must be defended in the name of the New Deal—its political and cultural legacy is secure. Not even Ronald Reagan, the most conservative President since Calvin Coolidge, sought to dismantle its programs. Nor, finally, can a plausible case be made for Hiss as generic Victim: if ever there was an exemplar of American privilege, a white Protestant male for the ages, it is Alger Hiss.

Hiss endures, it seems, as another kind of victim—the First Victim of the "witch hunts." Senator Joseph McCarthy did not barge onto the scene until after Hiss was convicted, so Hiss and his supporters are careful to blame not McCarthy himself but McCarthy*ism*—the wider phenomenon of right-wing anti-Communism. In "McCarthy and the Intellectuals," an essay published in *Encounter* in 1954, the critic Leslie Fiedler remarked that

> McCarthy seems still incapable of believing that it *really* matters whether there are 200, 205, 81, or 57 Communists in a certain branch of government. He [is] convinced that those of his opponents who concern themselves with such discrepancies are stupidly or insidiously trying to divert attention from what really matters: are there *any* Communists in the department concerned?

Hiss's champions are oddly similar to McCarthy here. They cannot afford to concede the presence of a single Communist in high office. To do so means to admit the inadmissible—that the Right was by no means "hysterical" when it insisted that there was a threat of Communist subversion at home even as the Soviet Union posed a threat of expansionism abroad. And so for nearly half a century an unassailably guilty man has been recast as a spotless innocent—and as a martyr. To his supporters, Alger Hiss is not a man but a symbol, and they have invested so much in his innocence that they may remain forever incapable of owning up to the truth.

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Jewish Voters & the Democrats

Jay P. Lefkowitz

QUADRENNIAL observers of the Jewish vote might be surprised by the support American Jews gave to Bill Clinton in the 1992 presidential election—surprised not by the fact of that support, but by its overwhelming size. After all, beginning in 1972 there had been a perceptible shift by Jews away from their once all-but-total commitment to the Democratic party. Yet here was George Bush receiving only 15 percent of the Jewish vote—less than any incumbent President in this century, and matched in its paucity only by Barry Goldwater in his landslide loss to Lyndon Johnson in 1964. Does the *en masse* return of the Jews to the Democratic party portend something permanent?

DESPITE their small numbers—they constitute less than 3 percent of the American population and only 4 percent of all voters—the way Jews vote has always aroused substantial political interest. In large measure this has stemmed from the accidents of geographic distribution: Jews are heavily concentrated in the states which are electorally significant—New York (where they constitute close to 20 percent of the voters), California, New Jersey, Florida, Illinois, and Pennsylvania.

But interest in the Jewish vote is also a by-product of the status that Jews have attained in American society. Not only are they unusually affluent, they occupy important positions in America's elite opinion-making fields: education, journalism and the media, politics, and law. Moreover, they have become prodigious fund-raisers and fund-givers to political campaigns: approximately 20 percent of the more than 250 individuals who donated $100,000 to join President Bush's prestigious "Team 100" club were Jewish, and Jews were large contributors to the Clinton campaign. Thus, though even a major swing in the Jewish vote from one candidate to another would amount to only a tiny shift in the overall national voting statistics, Jewish political attitudes and voting patterns tell us a great deal about the movement of elite opinion in American political culture.

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For nearly 75 years, Jews have shown a virtually congenital proclivity to pull the Democratic lever. With the exception of blacks, there is no group in America—including even union members and welfare recipients—more loyal to the Democratic party. In the sixteen presidential elections since 1932, with the sole exception of 1980, between 65 and 90 percent of Jews have voted for the Democratic candidate. And in *every* presidential election since 1924, Jews have voted Democratic by about 25 percent more than the overall electorate.

Jews are also more likely than most other Americans to identify themselves as liberals and/or Democrats. In 1992, when 38 percent of Americans described themselves as Democrats and 35 percent as Republicans, 65 percent of all Jewish voters reported themselves as Democrats, while only 13 percent considered themselves Republican.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it is also the case that starting in the late 1960's, the Jewish romance with liberalism and hence with the Democratic party began to show signs of unease. Jews had been vocal supporters of the early civil-rights movement, and many had even traveled to Selma and Birmingham in the early 60's to take part in demonstrations led by Martin Luther King, Jr. But by the middle of the decade the civil-rights movement itself had begun to change. A turning point was 1966, when Stokely Carmichael became president of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and declared:

> We been saying freedom for six years—and we ain't got nothin'. . . . I'm not going to beg the white man for anything I deserve. I'm going to take it.

In the years that followed, the civil-rights movement came to be eclipsed by the black-power movement, increasingly violent and also increasingly anti-Semitic. At the same time, the American Left in general was being taken over by radical elements hostile to Jewish interests and, in the aftermath of Israel's victory in the Six-Day War, to Israel.

The effect of this on electoral politics was a bit delayed. In 1968, the Democratic candidate for

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President, Hubert Humphrey, was a liberal in the old style—and a hero to American Jews. On election day, though narrowly beaten for the presidency by Richard Nixon, he received more than 80 percent of the Jewish vote.

Four years later, however, the story was very different. In 1972, the Democrats nominated George McGovern, the candidate of the New Left, and for the first time substantial numbers of Jews felt they had something to fear. McGovern was seen as "untrustworthy" on Israel: he talked about reducing the U.S. military presence in the Mediterranean, about returning the territories captured by Israel in 1967 to the Arabs, even about internationalizing Jerusalem. And in the domestic arena he was seen as championing redistributive policies inimical to traditional American economic and social arrangements and hence to the Jewish position within American society.

The results of the 1972 election showed American Jews still solidly Democratic, but with a growing number prepared to vote for a Republican. True, Jews supported McGovern by nearly 30 percent more than did the rest of the electorate, but they also gave Richard Nixon, that old nemesis of liberals, a startling 35 percent of their vote.

A CURIOUS paradox occurred four years later, in 1976. Jimmy Carter, more moderate on social issues than McGovern, received about the same percentage of the Jewish vote as had McGovern; but overall the Jewish vote was only 15 percent more pro-Democratic than that of the rest of the electorate. This decline in Jewish enthusiasm for the Democrats can be explained by the fact that, its candidate notwithstanding, the party still seemed to be in the grip of the New Left—and also by the fact that in 1973 a Republican administration had helped rescue Israel from the brink of disaster during the Yom Kippur War, and in 1975 had stood up in the United Nations against the infamous Zionism/racism resolution. Many American Jews were unsure whether Carter would have done the same.

By the 1980 election, more of them had made up their minds—at least about where Jimmy Carter stood on Israel. In spite of his role in achieving the Camp David accords, the only peace agreement in history between Israel and a neighboring Arab nation, he was judged as essentially anti-Israel on the grounds of both his rhetoric and his record.

The breaking point may have come on March 1, 1980, when Carter's UN ambassador, Donald F. McHenry, voted in favor of a flagrantly anti-Israel resolution in the Security Council; three weeks later, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance refused to disavow the vote in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In a presidential primary held only a few days later, the Jews of New York overwhelmingly supported Senator Edward Kennedy over the incumbent President, and on election day Carter received the smallest percentage of Jewish votes—45 percent—of any Democratic candidate since before FDR. His challenger, Ronald Reagan, garnered a record high of 39 percent. (Fifteen percent went to the independent, John Anderson.)

By the mid-1980's, economic and military aid to Israel had reached new heights, and intelligence-sharing and joint military maneuvers between the two countries had become routine. The strategic relationship that developed between the United States and Israel in the 1980's, together with the Reagan administration's hawkish position on international terrorism and, at home, its rhetorical opposition to quotas, helped boost President Reagan's popularity in the Jewish community.

But old fears proved stronger than new attachments. The 1984 election, held in the midst of the longest economic expansion since World War II, pitted a popular incumbent President against Jimmy Carter's former Vice President, Walter Mondale. In the most lopsided ballot since 1972, Reagan won nearly 60 percent of the popular vote and carried all but Mondale's home state of Minnesota and the District of Columbia. Nevertheless, and despite Reagan's strong support for Israel, his proportion of the Jewish vote dropped substantially, to 31 percent—in fact, Jews were the only group of white voters in America to give Reagan fewer votes in 1984 than in 1980. Mondale, on the other hand, whom many Jews considered the "son of Hubert Humphrey," won the Jewish vote resoundingly—67 percent.

Why? The short answer is: the rise of the religious Right. Like the Republican convention to be held in Houston eight years later, the 1984 Republican convention ignited the fears of Jewish voters who might otherwise have been disposed to go for Reagan. Particularly potent events at the convention itself were the prominent role accorded to the Reverend Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority, and President Reagan's statement at a prayer breakfast during the week of the convention that "religion and politics are necessarily related."

In the eyes of Jewish voters, the threat from the Right was apparently even more menacing than the threat within the Democratic party from the Left. That latter threat was embodied by Jesse Jackson, then regularly seen in photographic embrace with the likes of Yasir Arafat. But as frightened as Jews undoubtedly were by Jackson's prominence in the Democratic party, they were more frightened by Jerry Falwell.

WHICH brings us to 1988. Of the two candidates that year, George Bush was seen by most Jews as a more moderate version of Ronald Reagan; certainly there was little about him that seemed threatening, and there were some things that seemed positive—such as the

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fact, which Bush's campaign publicized, that as Vice President he had played a major role in engineering "Operation Moses," the first airlift of Ethiopian Jews to Israel. Michael Dukakis, the governor of Massachusetts, on the other hand, was seen as a more leftish version of Walter Mondale, and as a captive of the Democrats' special interests, especially Jesse Jackson. In the November election, Bush came in with a slight improvement over Reagan's 1984 performance, getting 35 percent of the Jewish vote to Dukakis's 64 percent.

And, finally, 1992. Simply stated, George Bush made almost every mistake possible, and Bill Clinton made almost none. Bush's statement in September 1991 that he was "one lonely little guy" up against a "thousand [Jewish] lobbyists," combined with the allegation that Secretary of State James Baker had used a four-letter epithet to derogate the Jewish community, were final straws for many Jews who were already disturbed by the administration's handling of issues of importance to Israel. And Jews also feared that Bush had been "captured" by the religious Right. Especially worrying was the prime-time speech at the Republican convention by Patrick J. Buchanan, himself a failed presidential candidate, whom many Jews already considered anti-Semitic; that speech characterized the 1992 election as a "religious war" for the soul of America.

Bill Clinton, by contrast, ran as a "new kind of Democrat," a middle-of-the-road candidate no longer beholden to the liberal Left. During the primary campaign, Clinton even engineered a widely-publicized feud with Jesse Jackson by criticizing Sister Souljah, a black rap singer who had made racist remarks after the Los Angeles riot. In the end, Jews who voted for Clinton believed they were getting the best of all worlds: a politically moderate, pro-Israel Democrat.

LOOKING at the Jewish vote in the presidential elections from 1972 to 1992, we see a clear pattern emerging. The Democrats appear to have retained their historic lock on well over half the Jewish vote; but the rest can swing. What controls the swing is the fear factor—the extent and depth of Jewish apprehensions on specific issues. Some of these apprehensions, concerning Israel, say, or racial politics, tend to move Jewish voters to the Right. Others, concerning the role of religion in public life and—more recently—abortion, move them to or keep them on the Left.

Abortion, in particular, has become a major issue for Jewish voters. Jews are the single most pro-choice group within the electorate. Sixty-two percent favor abortion-on-demand, and 99 percent oppose a total ban on abortion. In this respect (but not on the issue of Israel), they represent a mirror image of evangelical Christians, who are the most pro-life sector of the electorate, with 87 percent opposing abortion-on-demand and 26 percent favoring a total ban. In 1992, according to exit polls, abortion was a "very important issue" to only 12 percent of the general electorate, but it was ranked as one of the three most important issues to evangelicals and as the second most important issue—after only the economy—to Jews under the age of forty-five. As a whole, Jews support an unqualified right to abortion by roughly 30 percent more than does the rest of the electorate.

The radically pro-choice Jewish position on abortion rights may seem a mystery to some. There is certainly no evidence that Jewish women have either an excessive number of unwanted pregnancies or a disproportionate number of abortions. Jewish women, among the most highly educated members of our society, are undoubtedly well-informed about various forms of contraception. Nevertheless, Jews in general, and Jewish women in particular, are at the forefront of the abortion-rights movement.

The reason is not far to seek. Jews are among the most urban, wealthy, and secular Americans, and Jewish women have not only been prominent in the feminist movement but also among its leading beneficiaries. If the stereotypical Jewish woman of the 1950's either taught in the public schools or stayed at home, today's Jewish woman more likely resembles Zoe Baird: a fully-credentialed member of the yuppie-careerist class, with politics to match.

So much for sociology. Ideologically, Jewish support for abortion rights rests primarily on the commitment to individual freedom that is central to the secular humanism with which most assimilated Jews—and that means most Jews by far—identify. Indeed, in the Jewish community, the issue of abortion has been framed solely in terms of women's rights rather than the rights of the fetus. (It is also important to understand that even traditional religious Jews oppose an absolute ban on abortion, which, while generally prohibited under Jewish law, is not regarded as murder and may actually be mandated when the woman's health, physical or mental, is in jeopardy.) Thus, the vigor of Jewish support for abortion rights is allied to fears about the imposition of essentially Christian religious values in a purportedly secular realm, and flows naturally from single-minded devotion to the idea of an inviolable wall separating church and state. Abortions may be sinful, goes an unstated Jewish objection, but what business is it of the government to regulate sin?

It seems, then, that in the last two elections American Jews have become two-issue voters: Israel and abortion. Ironically, both may be waning as factors that crystallize the differences between the two political parties. Regarding the Middle East peace process, for example, President Clinton not only appears to be perpetuating most

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of the Bush-Baker policies, but he has even retained the key Bush State Department personnel who shaped those policies. By the same token, given the Supreme Court's recent decision (in *Casey* v. *Planned Parenthood of Pennsylvania*) to uphold a woman's constitutional right to an abortion, abortion rights would appear to be less threatened now than at any time during the past twelve years. In fact, the majority opinion in *Casey* was written by Reagan and Bush appointees.

Still, it remains the case that today the Democrats are the party identified with the pro-choice position, the Republicans with the pro-life—another reason for Jews who are anyway more comfortable on the Democratic side to stay there, and for those who may have temporarily strayed to return.

But does the precipitous twelve-year drop from Reagan's 39 percent of the Jewish vote to Bush's 15 signify a definitive disenchantment with the Republican party? There is another set of political numbers, spanning the same twelve years, which may suggest a somewhat different interpretation.

New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato, a Republican, is everything most Jews are not. He is the very essence of a working-class "machine politician." He is also Italian, Catholic, basically conservative, and even has a pro-life voting record in Congress. Yet despite having been opposed in his three Senate races by Jewish candidates, D'Amato has steadily increased his popularity in the Jewish community.

In 1980, D'Amato squared off against two Jewish opponents, the liberal Democratic Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman (who had run to the Left of her primary opponent, Bess Myerson) and the incumbent Senator, Jacob Javits (a Republican running on the Liberal line who was very popular with Jews but who was then gravely ill). In that year, even though the national Republican ticket, led by Reagan, captured almost 40 percent of the Jewish vote nationally, D'Amato got only 8 percent in New York. There, the Jewish predisposition to vote Democratic was so strong that Holtzman received nearly three times the combined Jewish vote of Javits and D'Amato.

Six years later, however, having built a strong reputation as one of Israel's best friends in Congress, D'Amato increased his Jewish vote to 34 percent, this time in a race against the liberal consumer activist Mark Green. And finally, during the 1992 race, in which he studiously avoided any public discussion of abortion but instead trumpeted his vote to override George Bush's veto of the "Family Leave" bill, hugely popular with Jewish women, he got 41 percent of the Jewish vote. This was especially impressive since his opponent, State Attorney General Robert Abrams, would seem to have had the perfect Jewish pedigree: respected lawyer, Zionist, activist for Soviet Jews, and a member of an established Orthodox congregation.

It appears, then, that many Jews do not *automatically* vote for a Democratic ticket. The lesson of George Bush's miserable showing in the Jewish community, and of Alfonse D'Amato's success, is that issues can count more than party affiliation. The lesson is underlined by the success won with Jewish voters in recent years by Republicans like Pennsylvania Senator Arlen Specter (who is Jewish) and former New Jersey Governor Tom Kean (who is not).

There are, moreover, two identifiable segments of the Jewish community that provide hope for Republicans: the Orthodox and the young. Orthodox Jews, who share much of their political agenda with religious Christians, vote heavily for Republicans—in some hasidic neighborhoods by as much as 75 percent (D'Amato got over 90 percent of the hasidic vote). The large number of ultra-Orthodox Jews is the reason that George Bush, who was massively defeated in New York City, got a somewhat higher percentage of the Jewish vote there than nationally, despite the loss of some of the Hasidim who had supported him in 1988. Younger Jews, too, are less attached to the Democratic party than their seniors. In 1992, Jews under forty voted for Clinton by 7 percent less than did older Jews. It remains to be seen whether these younger Jews will revert to their parents' voting patterns as they grow older.

For watchers of the Jewish vote, New York City's 1993 mayoral race should provide the next set of clues. According to a recent poll published in the *New York Daily News*, the former federal prosecutor and one-time mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani, a Republican, is running in a dead heat with Mayor David Dinkins citywide, but is beating the mayor in the Jewish community by a margin of 2-1. The reason Giuliani is popular among Jews is that the fear factor is working in his favor. On the one hand, Dinkins's mishandling of the race riot against Jews in Crown Heights has caused many to believe that he is too weak to stand up to the forces of black anti-Semitism in the city. And, on the other hand, the fact that Giuliani is pro-choice has eliminated a major obstacle to Jewish support for a Republican.

That the large majority of Jews will remain Democratic in presidential elections seems fairly certain, at least for the foreseeable future. But like other American voters, Jews appear to be shedding their party loyalties and becoming more issue-oriented. Jewish apprehensions will continue to shape the Jewish vote, and candidates who alleviate those fears will be most successful in the Jewish community. For the time being, the most interesting action will be at the state and local levels, where candidates from both parties can explore positions that differ from their parties' orthodoxies. In those races, the Jewish vote may truly be up for grabs.

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Grandfathers

A Memoir

Christopher Clausen

IT WOULD be pleasant to think that my paternal grandfather was named Adam because he was the first surviving member of his family to be born in the New World. When his life began in 1879, his parents were not yet American citizens. They lived in a New York tenement at the corner of First Street and First Avenue—another omen, surely—in a neighborhood that had already housed several waves of immigrants and would continue to change its ethnic composition every few decades for the indefinite future.

The mini-wave to which my grandfather Adam's parents belonged consisted of people from the northern fringes of what had recently become the German Empire, who resented Prussian rule and in many cases (including that of my then-eighteen-year-old great-grandfather) wished to escape the Prussian military draft. They had met in New York, married, had two sons who promptly died. But my grandfather, their second attempt at a son named Adam, lived. He was in fact named after his mother's father and brother; his parents, who had exhausted their capacity for innovation in the act of immigration itself, were not given to bold symbolic gestures. Still, five months later they took the oath of citizenship.

It was, according to their naturalization certificate, the 104th year of the independence of the United States. The country had a population of just over 50 million. New York, then defined as Manhattan (the five boroughs would not become one city until 1898), had 1,200,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly half were foreign-born.

Eighty-five years later, as my grandfather was awaiting surgery for what he would subsequently describe only as "a physical defect," he had a dream. At least he referred to it as a dream in the autobiographical sketch that he wrote soon afterward. It sounds more like the half-waking memories that very old people are sometimes said to have. Coupled with the moral seriousness typical of his generation, the dream helped bring about a decision useful for those who come after him.

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My father and I had been urging him for several years to write down his memories of a long and difficult life, and he had been resisting. Immigrants and their children often resist thinking about the past. For them, identity, the identity sought by coming here in the first place, lies in the present and future, not in what has been painfully left behind. As Richard Rodriguez has pointed out, immigration is an act of rejection as well as an act of seeking. Few Americans search out the remnants of identity in another culture, whether in an old country or in the culture of immigrant life itself, until those remnants are so far in the past that they have little power to cause conflict or humiliation.

But my grandfather should explain in his own words if we are to understand him properly:

> One night I had a dream in which events came into my mind which I had long forgotten, so in the morning, after prayer, I decided to do as they had suggested. All the following events came back into my mind, which I consider the doing of the Holy Spirit.

Whatever else this may signify, it certainly means that an old man's reluctance to think about the remote past had encountered a more powerful force: the wish to leave his descendants a legacy that they plainly wanted. They, after all, could not be hurt by it; for them—especially for me, born two generations later—it was only a story from the long long ago. The wife he adored had been dead for three years; perhaps he would soon be following her, although he hoped not—there were still things in life that gave him pleasure.

A few months after he got out of the hospital, he diffidently handed me sixteen numbered pages in the neat, legible handwriting which the New York City school system had taught him all those decades ago, beginning with the words I have quoted.

ALTHOUGH he does not emphasize the fact, his was plainly a hard life. His father, who worked as a porter, then as a shoemaker, did not prosper in the New World; his mother kept having babies. When he was four or

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five, the family moved up and across town to the tenements in Hell's Kitchen called Striker's Flats after the retired general who had built them around 1850. Here, in what he mildly describes as "a rather bad neighborhood," he began selling the *Daily News* on the corner of 50th Street and 10th Avenue. It was not easy to keep one's place; plenty of other boys were also trying to sell newspapers, and although their conflicts were not as bloody as the drug trade today, it was a dangerous way for a small child to help support an increasingly desperate family.

The story of how my grandfather learned to swim gives some indication of what life was like. One must imagine dingy cobblestoned streets of two- and three-story buildings ending in wharves; a Hudson River shore dense with masts; a gaggle of boys of various ages, many of them Irish by parentage, some Italian, some German, all inclined to fight with members of other ethnic groups for any reason or none. My grandfather must have been six or seven:

> One day while standing on the 50th Street pier, in my tights, watching other boys swim, I not being able to swim, when along came a man and said, "Can you swim?" I said "No," he said, "You will from now on," he said, "Swim like a dog," and threw me in the river.

The breathless style of narration tells its own story, one from which terror has been expunged but lingers all the same: ". . . and sure enough," my grandfather continues, "I swam dog-fashion, and yelled to the kids, 'Fellows, I can swim,' it sure was a quick lesson, sink or swim."

A year or two later, the family moved to New Jersey. My great-grandfather had grown up on a farm and perhaps thought that returning to the land would improve his fortunes. Any such hopes were in vain. His fortunes never improved, and after a few years he moved back to the city. While it lasted, however, it was the one real idyll in my grandfather's childhood.

"Here," he wrote, "we had a garden and trees. Here we had woods and fields. . . . This was paradise compared with a flat in New York." "Here" was the town of Greenville, long since swallowed up by the sprawl of Jersey City. Truck-farming was possible on a small scale. In a homemade wagon pulled by a goat, my grandfather roamed from house to house selling vegetables. Remember that we are still in the 19th century, closer to the time of Washington Irving than to the present. "The Old Morris Canal," he goes on,

> ran a short distance in from the shore and I used to enjoy seeing the old canal boats pulled by two or four mules on the tow-path with the man or his wife at the rudder steering and sitting on deck in back of the cabin smoking his pipe and enjoying life. I used to think what a nice peaceful life they had; the scenery along the canal was beautiful with the weeping willow trees and shrubbery along its banks. . . . As we had plenty of open fields we could play baseball, soccer, and shinny. This of course all ended when I went to work at the drugstore to earn some money and help the family along, but now after my eighty-fifth birthday when I think back, it all was a wonderful experience.

The drugstore or its equivalent had been approaching for a long time—with every one of my great-grandmother's pregnancies, in fact—but seems nonetheless to have come as a surprise. When he quit school forever and went to work, my grandfather was the twelve-year-old eldest of five children. The same thing would have happened in the Old Country. Here, one feels that the opportunities should have been greater (or why emigrate in the first place?), but they were not, at least not yet. My grandfather, who clearly liked school and was a reader for the rest of his life, never complained in my hearing about the necessity that had robbed him of an education, but 40 years later he took care that both of his own children would graduate from Cornell.

The drugstore was Buchbinder's in Jersey City, a German name like so many in his account. Yet the New World did turn out to be different from the Old after all, at least for a talented boy who had been born here. After a few years, during which he learned the rudiments of pharmacy, he left the drugstore for Vogt's grocery (another German name) in Manhattan, then moved to another called Bock's on Morningside Avenue. By now his mother had died, after the birth of a sixth child, leaving the family in ever more pathetic straits. But he was acquiring what we would now call mentors.

Mrs. Bock urged him to study bookkeeping, and soon he was working in the import department of a large wholesale grocer. Then he discovered that salesmen made more money and applied to the vice president of the firm, a man named Jahring, for a job in sales. Before long he was making more money than ever and living a life that nothing in his background had prepared him for.

The outcome was predictable: "I got in," he says, "with a sporty crowd of customers and their friends . . . I was spending all my earnings and getting nowhere." He was approaching twenty-five and had been working full time for half his life.

I THINK that the explanation for much of my grandfather's life lies in his having been a strong-willed man who was the product of two generations of failure. His father and paternal grandfather seem both to have been charming, ineffectual people, neither of whom could support his children. The grandfather whom he never met had failed as a landowning farmer in the Old World; his father had added

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alcoholism to lack of success in the New. Now the son, well-paid by the standards he had grown up with, was yielding to temptations that probably included drink and what he thought of as loose women, although he does not specify.

If he was going to break the depressing cycle of poverty and humiliation, it was time to take himself in hand. Sink or swim. A major effort of self-creation was required, one that must have been peculiarly difficult for someone in his circumstances. His family was no help—quite the contrary—and he was still tied to a German immigrant community whose access to sources of strength in the new country remained weak. He had been brought up with the Bible; at times the ambiguities of his name must have struck him forcibly.

What saved him in the end was the army. "One evening after finally taking stock of myself," he declares,

> I met a Major Day . . . and told him my troubles. He suggested that I join the Seventh U.S. Cavalry, stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia, which I did on February 21, 1905.

The idea of a boy from the tenements of immigrant New York joining the cavalry has a comical incongruity until one remembers that nearly 30 years earlier, when five companies of the Seventh Cavalry and its colonel, George Custer, met their destiny on the Little Big Horn, the regiment was full of Irish immigrants. In any event, it would be hard to imagine an experience better calculated to get him out of his rut, out of his whole previous environment in fact, and immerse him in American life of a kind that no one in his family had ever experienced.

He had been recruited to fight against the Philippine insurrection that followed the Spanish-American war. The training was strenuous, undoubtedly more difficult for a man of my grandfather's background than it would have been for a more typical recruit from a farm. But he seems to have taken it all in good humor and in due course received, with his company, as he proudly enumerates, "our saddles, spurs, sabers, carbines, and revolvers and our training in the use of them."

He was not, however, to go to the Philippines after all. Another mentor intervened, this time a Major Glennon of the Hospital Corps who saw that my grandfather had a knowledge of pharmacy and thought it a pity to waste him on a colonial campaign. Instead, he was transferred to the Army Medical Museum in Washington, D.C. and began the study of bacteriology. When he had finished his course, he was promoted to sergeant and assigned to the new Army Medical Department. Another army surgeon, a Major Winter, was also impressed and continued him in quasi-professional duties. When my grandfather's term of enlistment was nearly up, Major Winter took him aside and offered to send him to medical school at Georgetown University.

Alas, there was a limit to how far he could go. His previous education was inadequate to get him into medical school. And even if the want of pre-medical training could have been made up, there was still that family to help support in New York. Unable to take advantage of the great opportunity of his life, my grandfather slipped back quietly into civilian existence, took the train north, and resumed his job as a grocery salesman.

It was defeat of a sort, and he knew it. But other things had happened to mitigate the defeat. He had learned a badly needed discipline, along with a set of skills that few people in his family can have understood. Not all of them were as futile in civilian life as the use of a cavalry saber; the bacteriology he had studied would serve him well for the next 50 years of working life in the pharmaceutical business. He had impressed capable, successful men who were not part of the German immigrant community. On his discharge papers Major Winter, he says, "gave me an excellent record and a special notation, 'qualified to be commissioned in the Volunteers.'" Most of all, he had acquired the confidence that he could succeed in the larger American world that he had found.

He had, in some sense that is hard to define but easy to recognize, become an American, and it is no wonder that later on he had so little interest in dwelling on the circumstances of his earliest life. That life had offered him little but conflict, narrow temptations, and the specter of endless defeat. Now he could go forward.

Soon he began to court my grandmother, and they were married in 1910. Two children followed and were given unambiguously English first names, Robert and John, that had no family associations. After the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, he refused to speak German ever again. When he was forty he bought a house in suburban Passaic and moved his family out of the city forever. There he became a Boy Scout leader in the local Presbyterian church.

His transition was over, and if it had taken its toll—he was, in mature life, a querulous, somewhat puritanical man who never had close relations with his younger siblings, three of whom, like himself, lived into their nineties—there could never be any question in his mind that it had been worth the cost.

When he was a boy of eight in New Jersey, he once told me, his father had strung ropes for himself, his wife, and his small children to follow from the house to the barn during the Great Blizzard of 1888. Otherwise one might take a wrong turn in the blinding snow and be lost. Now my grand-

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father had followed other ropes that led him half-blindly to an America his own father, the immigrant, had never entered. For the rest of a long life, he was a successful man by almost any standard. In its own way, immigration is as brutal a process as conquest, but it is rarely clear in the end who has been conquered more thoroughly, the immigrant or the new country.

EVERYONE has two grandfathers who are not the same. Adam Peter Clausen's life is a paradigmatic tale of immigration, unique in detail but familiar in its outlines from countless stories our parents told us. (In looking back we tend to forget the uniqueness.) The early life of my mother's father might seem even more emblematic in its aspirations and accomplishments, not least because he wrote a penetrating book about them entitled *An American in the Making*. But matters are rarely that simple.

When Marcus Eli Revici (Ellis Island made it Ravage) was a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy in Romania, he and thousands like him decided to walk to America. The image flatters both our sense of having inherited fortunate choices and our superior knowledge of geography, if not always of history. What people like my grandfather did, of course, was walk to a port, Rotterdam in his case, and board a ship.

Like so many others, he was avoiding a military draft. "There was," he declares in his book,

> the dreadful horror of the recruiting officer constantly lurking in our path like a serpent, ready to spring on a young man just when he had reached the stage where he could be useful to himself and of help to his family.

My grandfather was the indulged youngest child of a loving family who had hoped to make him a doctor. But being Jewish, he was barred from the most attractive occupations. His father was barely scraping by as a grain merchant in Vaslui. The choice to emigrate was not a difficult one at the time. Not until the death of both his parents three years after he left home did he begin to suspect that it might involve loss as well as gain.

Life on the Lower East Side in 1900, the year of his arrival, was a great deal less disorienting than it had been for a German immigrant 30 years before. The city itself, although now a metropolis of nearly three and a half million, did not intimidate him, or so he claims—"New York at first sight was, after all, not so very unlike many other large cities that I had traveled through." Perhaps the operative phrase here is "at first sight." In any event, the chief problem was not strangeness but familiarity. There was a large Romanian Jewish community in what he refers to as "the East Side Ghetto," and fitting into it was all too easy.

The intellectual impressiveness of East Side life, the fact that sweatshop workers read books, went to lectures, debated politics and ideas, attended the theater, made it all the more seductive to a new arrival whose own mind was beginning to awaken. "I saw more good literature on the stage in those days while I was sewing sleeves into shirts," my grandfather declares, "than I saw in all my subsequent career." Despite material poverty, it seemed possible to live a full life in the ghetto, a life of social idealism and cultural richness. As a result, many of the most intelligent residents of the Lower East Side conducted their lives in Yiddish and learned no more than snatches of English.

The real problem for an ambitious young man—not altogether different from that of Adam Clausen at about the same time—was to get outside this warm, confining halfway house of the familiar and discover what they both regarded as the real America. That way lay certain obvious kinds of risk, loss, alienation from family and friends—what my grandfather Ravage refers to as "bitter sacrifice and the upheaval of the soul"—but also liberation. There was never any possibility that one could have it both ways.

THE belief that immigrants or their children need not have defined America in terms that excluded so much of what they were is a sentimental illusion on the part of their descendants. The necessity to choose was mainly the consequence not of an oppressive American social structure but of their own ambitions, an unavoidable crisis for those who, whatever their original nationality, arrived without the language, habits, and associations that made full participation in American life possible. The struggle to acquire them was as desperate as any pioneer's journey west in a covered wagon beset by a hostile continent. This struggle—made harder, not easier, by the presence of a large, supportive community from one's original country—and its successful outcome form the theme of my grandfather's book and, in a more ironic fashion, of his subsequent life.

The difficult but romantic-sounding journey from the sweatshop to the night school to a university and the eventual founding of a new family wholly anchored in America is a familiar tale to anyone who has read Leo Rosten's Hyman Kaplan stories or Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers*, and the only surprising feature in my grandfather's version of it is that he had advanced through all these steps a mere fifteen years after he passed through Ellis Island. His only setback was his failure to win a Regents scholarship that would have allowed him to go to Cornell. Instead, he enrolled at the University of Missouri, deep in the "real America."

As he inevitably grew ever more distant from

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his relatives in Romania and New York, he wondered from time to time at the price he was paying for his success in overcoming every obstacle. But he was a very young man with courage, discipline, and a gift for languages that intimidated his native-born classmates. It all seemed incomparably worthwhile, even something of a lark, in contrast to the grim life he had left in Romania.

His native land had never tied him. The real struggle, with the East Side and the identity he had acquired in half a dozen crucial years there, reached its climax during his first summer vacation from college:

> I had not dreamed that my mere going to Missouri had opened up a gulf between me and the world I had come from, and that every step I was taking toward my ultimate goal was a stride away from everything that had once been mine, that had once been myself. . . . I knew that now there was no going back for me; that my only hope lay in continuing in the direction I had taken, however painful it may be to my loved ones and to myself.

The last sentence in *An American in the Making*, the triumphant cry of a man who has achieved victory in a difficult game, is "I was an American." There can be no question that its author, however lonely and ambivalent at times, was an outstandingly successful immigrant who accomplished in half a generation what generally takes two or three times as long. The seal on his success was the publication of his book to wide acclaim in 1917. It launched him on a career as a free-lance writer and journalist that took him, after the end of World War I, to Paris with his French immigrant wife (a non-Jew) and their two daughters.

More than 40 years later, I myself made a journey to Grasse, in the Maritime Alps, to visit my grandfather. I had been spending part of a junior year abroad in London and was planning to tour France during the summer. No one on my side of the family had seen him in nearly two decades, and my curiosity was increased by the guarded tones in which he was spoken of on those rare occasions when his name was mentioned at all. Clearly he was in some sort of disgrace. With all the diffident boldness of a twenty-year-old, I looked up his address in the Paris telephone directory (he owned an apartment there which he turned out not to inhabit) and wrote asking whether he remembered me and, whether he did or not, how he would feel about having his oldest grandchild come to visit him in July.

His reply lies before me. Addressed to "C. Clausen, Esq.," it begins, "No, I cannot say that I remember you, in the sense that if I saw you on the street I would recognize you." (I had been an infant at the time of our only previous meeting.) "I do, of course, remember seeing a little chap of four or thereabouts in Alexandria or some other Virginia suburb of the National Capital many long years ago."

It was hard to know what to make of this tone, as cautious as the one my parents used whenever my grandfather's name came up. He did, however, seem to be inviting me: "But, of course, I shall be very happy to see you here when you come over and to get a bit of news about your mother and your brothers." This was good enough to make plans on, at least to a twenty-year-old. The brief letter ended, "You will be very welcome to stay with me here for a few days if you like." As the time approached for my trip, he wrote me other short letters in the same formal style and even drew a map so that I could find his apartment building.

What I completely failed to realize was that he—seventy-nine years old and ailing, a recent widower, sad that he had not seen my mother in so long—was far more apprehensive about seeing her eldest son than I was about meeting a grandfather whom I had thought of only as the retired author of many books. I knew that he and my grandmother had been divorced many years earlier, and that he had remarried. What I did not learn until long after was that they had separated in Paris under circumstances of great acrimony after she discovered that her husband, bored with meeting deadlines and looking for solace as his writing career foundered, had taken a mistress. Ostensibly working on a biography of Talleyrand, he had adapted only too well to the French way of life. Once again he had shown that capacity for changing his identity to fit circumstances, that dangerous facility with languages, which had made him a model immigrant.

My grandmother had been deeply shocked. Not only was he not supporting his family properly any more, he was deceiving her. The product of an orphanage herself, she had no family experience to fall back on in dealing with such a situation. After a lengthy period of conflict over the possession of their young son, she—a Frenchwoman—packed up all three children and returned to America, leaving her husband, who was superficially more American than she would ever be, to live out his life in France. And so he did, eventually marrying his mistress, who had money, and returning briefly with her to the United States during World War II. My grandmother, meanwhile, settled in Ithaca, New York, where she supported her family by giving French lessons. In the course of time all three of her children attended Cornell. There my parents met in 1938, bringing the various strands of this story together at last.

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BY THAT time, however, my grandfather was no longer a part of it. Having left his parents' family in Romania when he was a teenager, he had in middle age abandoned his own family to sink or swim as best they could, and when I visited him he was paying for it in renewed loneliness and isolation. How heavy a cost it was for him I cannot tell. Although he hung on every word I could give him about my mother and brothers, he showed no interest in visiting the United States again. On the other hand, when I asked innocently whether after all these years he had become a French citizen, he looked affronted and answered, "No, sir! I'm an American." To me he sounded like a middle-class New Yorker with no trace of foreignness in his speech or attitudes. He boasted, however, that in France he was rarely taken for anything but a Frenchman. Probably the answer is that he was a deeply equivocal man.

Maybe he always had been. Writing in *An American in the Making* about the painful transitions of the immigrant, he had asked, "Who shall find the patience to follow him in his tortuous career?" Any life is filled with contradictory signs, the lives of immigrants and their families more than most, and there is no way to be sure that I have correctly interpreted his life or any other. I suspect, however, that it was all too easy for him to imagine himself into new situations, new places with their own complexities, and then to move on, though not without regrets. Recently, he told me, a Hebrew Bible had attracted his eye. He had bought it, then stayed up all night reading it, pleased to discover that he could still piece it out after all these years. Some memory still remained of the boy who had left Vaslui on foot, some delicate link to a self and a way of life that had vanished long ago.

A family, he told me without entirely meaning it, is always a burden for a writer. Perhaps that went for other ties as well, including those of nationality. He was in fact immensely kind to me, both as his grandson and as an aspiring writer. I enjoyed his company, missed him when he died, and envy to this day his gift of languages. But I can see now that the ability to pass at will for a native—the perennial dream of the immigrant—may exact a bitter price from its possessor and everyone closest to him.

Immigration from the immigrant's point of view is a game of hide-and-seek played for the highest possible stakes, and playing it successfully requires a certain ruthlessness of character. The score, always ambiguous, is kept not in dollars but in the symbols of identity. There are some stories we forget at our peril.

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Tennis, Anyone?

Richard Stern

IF, LIKE ME until the 1992 tournament, you know Wimbledon only on television, you do not know it. You know an airless abstraction, a moving picture lumpy with dramatic close-ups and undigestible commentary. The tension, pace, grace, the look, smell, feel, and noise of everything are different.

Pace. Take the two worst of the 128 male singles competitors, and watch them warm up. You cannot believe the speed of their drives whipping two inches above the net cord, the clear *bung* of racket on ball, the silence of the bounce on grass. Balls are scooped off this green silence like thread picked off a carpet. And what a carpet. (Are 10,000 nearsighted midgets with magnifying glasses and razor blades employed to cut every grass blade to the correct millimeter?)

As for the serves, you haven't seen anything. I mean, you almost don't see them. Not just those of the big servers, Ivanisevic, Sampras, Rosset. Take anyone, Thoms, Pescosolido, Grabbe, Boetsch, Zoeke. Never heard of them? No, and probably never will, unless you are a devotee of the fine print of early-round losers. But at Wimbledon, watching them serve, you think, "This guy's the next champ. Who can return his service?"

Anyone at Wimbledon can. The reaction time of these players, the coordination of eye, arm, and the part of the brain that says, "Drive it out of reach," constitute an intelligence unrecorded on IQ tests. The unreturnable service is smashed into an unreachable corner of the green rectangle where it is scooped up and crashed cross-court into some other unreachable place, where—and so on.

What television does not register is the labor and strain of this serving, returning, smashing, angling, dropping. These players are not *playing.* They are *working.* Their faces are grim, tense. They breathe hard, they swear, and, like Monica Seles, the Great Grunter, they grunt, heave, sigh, squeal.

Remember that bubbling, joyous child, Jennifer Capriati. At sixteen, her face is dense with age and struggle. Her great shoulders carry the world on them, the world of expectation and frustration, victory and defeat, defeat of and defeat by other unchildish children, deprived of childhood by money hunger and publicity, ambulatory conglomerates whose lips are still stained with mother's milk.

Twenty-five of the 128 women competitors here, many of them teenagers, already have earned more than $1 million from tennis alone. Martina—like mountains, the great ones have only one name—has earned $17 million and God and Peat Marwick alone know how many more in endorsements, cars, silver trophies, and freebies. So when you see these children from all over the world (55 countries were represented in the 1992 tournament), you are seeing human money machines.

Yet these machines are ballerinas, athletes, and competitors of tremendous will, skill, discipline, and endurance. Just being here means they are winners. Yet all but eight of them (two singles and three doubles teams) will leave as losers. Every one of them has suffered enough defeat to put most of us on the couch for life, but they go on, tournament after tournament, year after year, winning and losing, at least those whose knees and shoulders do not buckle, whose backs and hearts do not break, whose heads do not burn out in the fierce tennis tropic.

What television deprives you of is the setting of these matches. I do not mean the ivy on the center-court walls; the green and purple ballet of the ball-boys and -girls; the green-jacketed officials guiding you with courteous firmness to where you may and may not sit; the midway of marquees where you buy and eat Dutchies (hot dogs), drink champagne and Pimms, and spoon up seven strawberries in Devonshire cream (for $3.50), but all the movements, noises, smells, and feelings, your own climb to a seat, your neighbors' breath, the heat, the wind—everything that sets off and contrasts with the flashing super-movements of the athletes as they are beating each other's brains out in front of your eyes. And there's the ceremony—the ritual of the change of linesmen, the offering of the ball-boys and -girls (arms extended, yellow balls wristed to the player at a nod), the calls of the umpire ("Time," "Play"), the metal click of the scoring board, the players in white shirts and shorts—which sets off and veils the combat.

Even matches recorded as "routine," or a "straight-set victory," are usually far tougher combats than those words indicate. I watched Ivan Lendl, playing with brilliance and power, come within five crucial points of losing to a twenty-one-year-old German named Arne Thomas who walks like a Skid Row bum but is as quick and savage as a tiger on the court.

Anyway, here you are in this beautiful little theme park of English privilege, eight miles southwest of Trafalgar Square. Lloyds of London has lost $2 billion this year, Sheffield steel is no more, United Newspaper may close down *Punch,* the London Zoo is threatened, the Royal Family is in even more trouble than yours and mine, and England has every possible industrial and post-industrial disease, but Wimbledon, Wimbledon is flourishing.

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The tanned, blue-eyed faces of the county families are in their old seats snooting it over the rest of us while we watch these superb, expensive athletes enact allegories of struggle and survival which are intended to recall that England's "green and pleasant land" is still the England of Marlborough and Churchill, Shakespeare and Newton, Dunkirk and Agincourt.

WIMBLEDON is not only a clear expression of English class and privilege, it is itself a sort of English class machine. Within the twelve playing days of "the fortnight," the preselected tennis players eliminate one another in the struggle for position, power, money, and celebrity. At the end, there is a king of men's singles, a queen of women's singles, and royal dukes and duchesses of doubles. Millions of people around the world are absorbed in these semi-mythic struggles. Very few annual events are reported so widely, and each year the players become more and more familiar, as they are absorbed in the greatest and most inevitable human story: growth, maturation, and defeat, spiced with the subsidiary stories of comeback, burnout, and senatorial wisdom.

Each nation has special interests, yet it may be that Wimbledon not only reenacts but actually transfigures national imagery. It could be said that the triumphs of the young German players Boris Becker and Steffi Graf in the late 1980's enabled many to accept the old enemy of World Wars I and II as a partner in the new Europe. The Germans had become Wimbledonized.

Wimbledon is a way of making foreigners English. In recent tennis history some foreign players have expressed resentment at chivvying formalities and regulations. They have been taken for a ride by the English gutter press, been broken and then remade by it. Two of the four recent finalists, André Agassi and Monica Seles, turned up their noses at Wimbledon, refused to play in the tournament, and were made to feel they were not complete tennis players. In 1992 they spent time trying to explain their defection, and Agassi at least won the affection of the tennis-loving (or tennis-attentive) public.

The best-known such rebel was John McEnroe. His absence from Wimbledon ceremonies, his sulky reluctance about complying with others, his "un-English" complaints and curses made him a devil hated by people in England who knew nothing else about tennis. He was one of those people to whom English newspaper readers had an immediate reaction, usually negative, often furious.

But for years McEnroe has been a has-been, that is, someone one can pity instead of hate and envy. He has also softened. He not only submits to the conventions he used to despise, he instructs younger players in them. The Wimbledon process turned him into an angel. In 1992, no one but England's Jeremy Bates received more support from the fans. The bad boy in McEnroe was—to borrow an ancient papal pun about the English—Anglicized and angelicized. Now he has a special place, that of the American free to express English resentment of class rigidity. The people calling out his name are not saying "John," but "Jawn." He is the idol of "the yobs," the anti-hero.

LET US see McEnroe in action. In round three of the 1992 tournament, after a magnificent match with his pal and act-alike, Pat Cash, the Australian, he played the almost unknown Russian, Andrei Olhovskiy, who had come from the nowheresville of the qualifying rounds (from which the seventeen-year-old McEnroe had come in 1977). Two days earlier, Olhovskiy had decapitated—no, better, dispatched—the number-one seed, the American Jim Courier. McEnroe knew he might be in for a tough match. With the spigots of his rage and brilliance open all the way, McEnroe let him have it.

First, he arrived five minutes late and through the wrong entrance. Then, warming up, he hit a few beauties out of the Russian's reach. The match started. Mac zinged a terrific backhand at Olhovskiy's head. Olhovskiy put it away, a winner. OK, so that's what Mac is up against. Olhovskiy started to serve. Mac held up his hand, tossed his head at something in the stands, and spoke to the umpire. The umpire, a deferential gentleman named Sultan Ganji, politely requested an astonished woman behind Olhovskiy to stop fanning herself. Olhovskiy double-faulted. Still, he won the game, and they were even on service.

McEnroe felt the heat, not the sun's 90 degrees but the heat of someone trying to take over what he owned, this tennis court, this match. He threw his racket on the ground, then threw it against the canvas court cover close to the knees of the first-row spectators (including this one). Code violation? Not from Ganji, who would as soon have told the Queen that she had passed wind as cite the furious ex-champion for an abuse—including abuse to him, for McEnroe told him, "You're not doing your job." The job for McEnroe meant the enforcement of absolute silence on the court. You would think McEnroe was doing theoretical physics. He cannot bear noise, even the cheers of his supporters. He yelled for silence in the "peanut gallery." Then, amazingly, he told himself to "Shut up, for God's sake." Yes, himself. He had opened the second set with a double-fault and said, "That's a fine way to start." Then, walking back to the service line, he told himself, "Shut up, for God's sake." Astonishing.

What Olhovskiy, the umpire, the linesmen, ball-girls, and fans were seeing and hearing—all of us had been yelled at—was a half-mad competitor driving himself and letting himself be driven to, but never over, the brink.

More. McEnroe let himself display his rage because such a display is a tactical part of his game. As modern architects often do not conceal a building's shafts and tubes with steel and concrete skin but display and color them, so McEnroe's display of rage is a structural part of his game. It certainly helped wear down Olhovskiy, who finally realized it and requested Ganji to cite McEnroe for "racket abuse." Turned down, he took it fatalistically: "They don't cite stars." In McEnroe's press con-

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ference (where he is also expert—self-deprecating, amusing, caustic), he approved of Olhovskiy's complaint: "He was looking for an edge." (The day before, Baroness Thatcher, a sort of McEnroe in skirts, had not been as generous to her successor, John Major, in a television interview about England's position toward the European Community.)

COMPARE McEnroe to the British hero of the 1992 championship, Jeremy Bates, the 109th-ranking player in the world. A brave sport who looks like a bastard brother of Prince Charles (by the kitchen slavey), and who has the mildness, competence, and decency of John Major, Bates played "out of himself" and beat players far ahead of him in the rankings. England was enchanted. Here was the heroic bloke, back against the wall, showing the world what the ordinary Englishman could do.

What he could do was lose the way an Englishman loses: graciously. For a week, though, Bates was a dream of himself, playing marvelously. He was Prince Hal in his Henry V incarnation, beating back the insulting tennis balls sent by the French king. His third opponent *was* French, one Thierry Champion. Bates triumphed while the stands and the country went wild. The next Frenchman, though, was seeded, and his marvelously English-French name was Guy Forget.

Born in Casablanca, Forget was not about to do the Humphrey Bogart thing and let the gallant hero take off for the quarter-final match with McEnroe. For two-and-a-half sets, Bates had Forget on the ropes. One serve would have done it. He threw up the ball—and let it drop. In the press conference afterward, he said, "I heard a sneeze or something." Thrown off, he served a dumpling, and Forget murdered it. Deuce. Two points later, a Forget drive hit the net cord and hopped over Bates's racket. In the fifth set, Forget wiped him out (only to lose in the next round to a particularly diabolical McEnroe).

Said Bates in his press conference: "The example I have set for British tennis is that the whole thing is mental. Anybody can do it if they believe in themselves."

The BBC ended the day's coverage with a montage of great Bates moments: the victories over Michael Chang, Javier Sanchez, and Thierry Champion. On the audio, Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" lollipopped away.

A FEW PEOPLE come to Wimbledon as if they were going to play on the courts themselves. They wear white shorts, tennis shirts, expensive sneakers. Some of them carry rackets. A very attractive costume it is, and many of the players are exceptionally attractive specimens. An extraordinary number are blonde. Perhaps it has to do with hair bleaching in the sunny climate of the game. Despite the notorious remark of the Dutch player, Richard Krajicek, that "80 percent of the top 100 women [players] are fat, lazy pigs," these athletes, men and women both, are very fit and well-built. Many have star looks as well, and champions, whom one may regard as odd or homely at the beginning of their careers, in time establish themselves as new ideals of beauty. (In her autobiography, Chris Evert speaks of growing up conscious of being unattractive. After four or five years, the Chrissy-look was a standard of good looks.)

I speak here for the *homme moyen sensuel*. There is clearly an erotic element in the attraction of women's tennis. I doubt that few men are not aware of the legs and breasts, shoulders and rear ends, of the women players as they stretch and bend and run. Their faces, too, register the pains and pleasures of the point. The physiology of the game arouses physiological as well as athletic responses in the onlookers. The breathing, the perspiration, the cries, grunts, and squeals come out of the same repertoire as those of sex and love. The combat itself is erotically rousing. In many athletic contests the athletes are uniformed, their bodies disguised with pads and other protective gear. Others reveal so much of the body that there is little to hope for, to be surprised about. Tennis, with its virginal whites, ever briefer over its 100-year history, still veils the "private parts," still suggests.

Then there is the combination of grace and strength. There are hundreds of beautiful moves in tennis. Many of them are rituals—showing new balls to your opponent—and the tension between these formal movements and that extra exertion, even if clumsy, which wins points is as thrilling as such moves are in love-making.

I do not say that eros is a major component of a good match, especially a good quarter-, semi-, or final match, but it is in the Wimbledon air. These young, nubile athletes, some of them rich and famous, all of them hungry to be, create a romantic soup, out of which emerges this exciting struggle.

TENNIS was introduced to England by a good French poet who was also a French prince and the father of the French king Louis XII. Charles d'Orléans was captured at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 and spent the next 25 years in England. At one of his residences, he had a tennis court laid out. Back then it was a handball game, a *jeu de paume*, and it remained a royal or noble game for most of its existence. At some point, though, rackets were introduced, for by the time *Henry V* appeared on the stage about 1600, rackets were part of the game:

> When we have matched our
> rackets to these balls,
> We will in France, by God's
> grace, play a set
> Shall strike his father's crown
> into the hazard.
>
> (Hazard: a goal-like opening.)

Modern tennis was invented and patented in 1873 by a Major Wingfield, who returned from India intent on creating a game which could be played by both men and women. Three years after the patent, the Wimbledon tournaments began.

A century later, the Wimbledon machine is a remarkable and complex assemblage, an expensive and carefully detailed production, a *Festspiel*, like the *Oberammergau* Passion Play. The difference is that the tournament's producers do not know who the stars will be. The

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similarity is that it does not matter. The champions have different names; all are engraved on walls, in silver, in books. But what counts beyond this year's winner is Wimbledon itself, the idea of the tournament, the English tournament waged by athletes trained not only to perform physical marvels but to be representatives of the English idea of winning.

This, of course, involves hypocrisy. Under the celebrated Kipling quotation urging the good sport to treat victory and defeat as "similar impostors," Wimbledon promotes purity and virtue. White is the costume, sportsmanship the mode, deference the attitude. And, sure enough, one player after another buys the credo, wears white, bows to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and suppresses or sublimates the competitive rage and hatred in his or her heart.

In our democratic age, the exclusive old game, once played by kings and princes,* has, like so much of its aesthetic equivalent, *Masterpiece Theater*, been shaped by its feudal notions of class. As knights in tournament were concealed by their armor, so the white costumes of Wimbledon conceal the class and, usually, the ethnic and religious background of the players. It is their skill and valor which will knight them.

So far there have not been any drug scandals on the tennis tour. The game's skills are not enhanced by drugs or body-building steroids. The game requires eye-hand coordination, fluid and controlled power, and, more and more, strength and endurance. (Even with tie-breakers, tennis games are theoretically endless.) A Wimbledon singles champion has to play seven matches in fourteen days. No other major sport sets so great a test of endurance. It is a tribute to the supervision of the governing bodies that the game has altered so little since Major Wingfield started it. Rackets, balls, costumes, and even scoring have been somewhat altered, but not the brains and physiques of the players.

Although there are many indoor tournaments and exhibitions, tennis is essentially an outdoor game. The tour goes on all year, but in northern winters it moves to temperate, tropical places. The brief outfits do not change, though slacks and sweaters are worn on the rare cold days. (The subject of many poems of Charles d'Orléans is the "pleasant time" of year when "*le temps a laissé son manteau du vent, du froideur, et de pluie,*" the weather's thrown off its cloak of wind, and cold, and rain—tennis weather, that is.) Boxing, as a sport which exposes even more of the body, used to be staged outdoors, but more recent outdoor fights such as the Muhammad Ali-George Foreman "Rumble in the Jungle" in Zaire exposed the danger of compounding the injuries caused by human fists with those caused by heat.

The setting and climate of tennis are paradisiac. More than the cost of laying out a court, this may be one reason the game is not much played in urban ghettos. The only American black champion, Arthur Ashe—that brilliant man who was stricken with AIDS and died in February—as the son of a park policeman, had access to courts. Ashe wrote brilliantly about the "whiteness" and "classiness" of his own demeanor and style, and wondered what would happen to the game when a Muhammad Ali showed up in it—let alone, one might add, a Mike Tyson, an athlete who crosses the boundaries of his sport to act with some of the same ferocity outside as in it.

The techniques of the mass media make orderly what appear to be such uncontrollable social situations as riots and battles. The free-swinging cameramen of "live" television instinctively, unconsciously select the most telling and dramatic shots. A woman stands in front of a trashed store with arms stretched out, her head bent into the angle of painted crucifixions; the throwers of bricks and Molotov cocktails look like Davids fighting the Goliaths of capitalism; there are "processions" of looters, and, finally, weepers holding the fallen bodies of loved ones in the iconography of the Pietà. Human beings have a relatively small repertoire of gestures and expressions, and great emotion does narrow the repertoire, but I think it more the theatrical sense of photographers and their editors that standardizes the appearance of riots. The visual shorthand expresses but also elevates the human condition into the sacraments of public entertainment by restoring to familiar norms the passions and struggles which threaten them.

In the last quarter-century of televised Wimbledon, a billion people have mastered its iconography and now regard it as a precious annual staging of the struggles, losses, and triumphs of their own lives.

If, as Pater said, "All the arts aspire to the condition of music," perhaps all sports aspire to the condition of bloody combat. It is a mark of humanity to transform its fiercest acts to make them tolerable. (The slaughter which feeds us is countered by extending our hands with utensils, roasting our meat, dividing our day into mealtimes, and meals themselves into occasions of conviviality and, sometimes, sacrament.) The most dangerous Western sport, boxing, is bound with more rules than Gulliver was by Lilliputian cords: the sixteen-ounce gloves, the oxymoronic square ring, the three-minute rounds, the separation at knockdown, the injunction against low blows, the initial touching of gloves, and, more often now than not, the embrace of loser and winner.

Tennis is much farther removed from blood, but it remains a face-to-face combat, and thus requires social transformation. As commercial interests take over more and more of the tournament, it may be that more and more attention will be devoted to the transformations than the sport. At that point, Wimbledon will sink beneath commentary and Devonshire cream.

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* As the royal Prince Albert, George VI played in a first-round doubles match at Wimbledon. An excellent social player, he was outclassed by the quasi-professional amateurs, and was so humiliated by the experience that—my guess is—it soured his beloved eldest daughter, Queen Elizabeth II, on the sport. Her only recent appearance at Wimbledon was at its centennial, when, fortunately, the women's-singles title was won by her countrywoman, Virginia Wade.

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Books in Review

Apocalypse, Soon

PREPARING FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. By PAUL KENNEDY. *Random House. 428 pp. $25.00.*

Reviewed by IRWIN M. STELZER

TAKE a bit of Thomas Malthus (*Essay on Population*), add a dash of Robert Reich (*The Work of Nations*), spice with more than a touch of Al Gore (*Earth in the Balance*), and *voilà!* you have the historian Paul Kennedy's latest delectation.

In his earlier best-seller, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* (1987), Kennedy predicted that America, suffering from "imperial overstretch" in its efforts to compete with the Soviet Union, was doomed to decline, as had Spain, Great Britain, and other "overstretched" powers before it. Our principal task, he argued in that book, would be to manage our affairs so that the erosion in our world position "takes place slowly and smoothly." In the event—but that is another story, best told, perhaps, in the future, after the remnants of the Soviet Union sort themselves out, most likely with substantial aid from a theoretically enfeebled America.

Nothing daunted, this time around Kennedy attempts to show that Malthus was right, in 1798, when he famously concluded "that the power of population is indefinitely greater than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man." Malthus, suggests Kennedy, was merely a bit ahead of his time. He proved wrong for three reasons: vast emigration from Britain relieved the pressure on the land; the agricultural revolution, occurring unnoticed as Malthus wrote, was "cumulatively raising the quantity and the quality of the food supply"; and the industrial revolution brought a "vast leap forward in productivity."

Yet even in Malthus's time, these escape hatches, argues Kennedy, were not available to many nations, including Ireland and India, which were "much closer to Malthus's model" than Britain and the United States. Today, matters are worse, not because their essential nature has changed but because of "their greater intensity." The population explosion now involves billions rather than millions; the "knowledge explosion" we are witnessing has dizzyingly accelerated the pace of technological change; and the problems of population, ecology, and technology are now interconnected.

Worse, the technology explosion is occurring in advanced societies with slow-growing or declining populations, while the population explosion takes place in poorer countries with limited technological resources. Worse still, the technologies being developed in advanced societies "may harm poorer countries" by making redundant a growing and increasingly restless and urbanized but relatively unskilled young male labor force, susceptible to incendiary importunings from violence-bent leaders.

In short, whatever problems troubled Malthus are compounded for us by greater scale and by the fact that we live in "a world divided into rich and poor," with the former likely to be the beneficiaries of change and the latter to suffer its consequences. But only at first. For, in the end, no country, not even the richest, will escape the consequences of these developments, least of all America. Our foot-loose corporations will gravitate to whatever country promises a cheap labor supply; we will serve as a magnet to penniless immigrants; and we will suffer the environmental consequences of a dash for growth by far-off developing countries that denude their forests and contribute to a cataclysmic greenhouse effect.

The solutions, Kennedy says, are well-understood: ". . . an array of reforms to halt the growing damage to the environment"; more commercial research and development (R&D); less "diversion" of resources to the military; improved skill and training of the workforce; and more, always more, investment in "infrastructure." The problem is how to implement long-run changes in societies in which politicians are elected in the short run and which may in any case be unwilling to suffer short-run pain in the interests of long-run gain. Solving this problem may "call for nothing less than the reeducation of humankind."

BEFORE undertaking that chore—one that has proved beyond the reach of popes, kings, despots, and presidents—we should be certain just what we intend to teach. And we must hope it is not what Kennedy would have us believe. For his summary of what is wrong—the "long-term erosion of America's relative manufacturing position"; impending ecological doom; multinational corporations as the source of uncontrollable economic chaos; rising inequality among nations and at home; too much spent by private individuals on consumption, too little by governments on infrastructure—is itself mostly wrong. And similarly wrong is the idea that the developments which confounded Malthus's original thesis, forcing him to revise his views five years later, are no longer operative.

A word, first, about the American condition. Kennedy concedes that American military power is "unequaled," and that ours is the only country with truly global "reach." But, he asserts, our ability to handle *non*-military threats is

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"low," reduced by the cost of maintaining a dominant military position. Because of this diversion of resources, we are losing our competitiveness.

In support of this thesis, Kennedy cites, first, the fact that in 1988, over 65 percent of "federal monies" went to defense and only 0.5 percent and 0.2 percent to, respectively, environmental protection and industrial development. The implication is that America neglects these latter activities. But Kennedy's figures, confined as they are to the disposition of *government* R&D dollars, tell us nothing about *overall* spending, either on the environment or on new technologies. For spending in these areas is conducted by the private sector. It is private companies that will spend billions to meet the requirements of the Clean Air Act; to increase our world lead in pharmaceuticals and aircraft production; to develop fiber-optic networks; and to make safer automobiles.

KENNEDY cites another "cause of concern": the decline of American productivity. Set aside the fact that during the 1980's productivity grew at about the rate it had averaged in the first eight decades of the century, and last year grew at the fastest rate in twenty years. Examine instead the specific bases for Kennedy's "concern." They are that "other nations have increased productivity at a swifter pace since the 1960's"; and that improvements in this country have been confined to manufacturing and have not affected the service sector.

But Kennedy admits, and every study agrees, that America still leads the world in output per worker. Why, then, should a mere narrowing of our lead threaten our living standards? If we improve, and others improve still more, we will hardly lose in the process.

Nor ought we to feel threatened by Kennedy's unsurprising conclusion that our industry "no longer occupies the unchallenged position it did in the first two postwar decades." For the world's economies entered those decades devastated by bombs and drained by war.

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Ours, almost alone, was unscathed. No one analyzing America's position in the world should ignore Joseph Nye's observation (in *Bound to Lead*) that, the postwar years excepted, the American share of world manufacturing production has remained relatively constant since 1913. And no one worried about the equality of worldwide income distribution should yearn for the time when the world depended on American charity to avoid starvation. As for the service sector, Kennedy can stop worrying: productivity has begun to rise steadily as firms concentrate on converting the sales growth of the 1980's into higher profitability in the 1990's.

TURN now to Kennedy's latter-day Malthusianism, and specifically to his contention that no relief is in sight, either from a new agricultural revolution or from the ongoing and accelerating new industrial revolution.

Take agriculture first. True, Kennedy writes, between 1950 and 1984 world food production did rise faster than population, and the slower increase in food output since then has been partly due to droughts. But "the miracle increases have run their course," and "we may be at the beginning of an ominous long-term trend in which population grows faster than food production." And even if productivity does go up, "there would be massive displacement of labor," as fewer farmers produce more food. Poorer countries would be especially hard hit because they can neither afford biotechnology-based food production nor, for "structural and cultural" reasons, expand existing output.

What about developing a world trade between rich countries with a surplus of food and poor countries with little or none? Well, says Kennedy, we are not dealing with "the gentlemen farmers who were responsible for the agricultural revolution in Malthus's time." Now we have "large agrichemical and biotech corporations" who

> see their task as bringing new goods to a world market, without worrying about the regional impacts—and social consequences—of this further stage in the product cycle.

These corporations "shroud their research in secrecy and restrict its use by patents." Indeed, even if developing countries could afford the newer methods of biotech farming, they would then become dependent on the West for hormones, seeds, and other inputs, thus putting millions of present-day agricultural jobs at risk.

What seems to disturb Kennedy is that an agricultural revolution, if it is to benefit poor nations, will necessitate a change in their politics and governance, and any benefits that do accrue to them will depend on increased world trade. The first, however, is unlikely, while the second would require these developing countries to open their markets. Neither is within the gift of the richer nations, leaving Kennedy frustrated.

He is troubled, too, by the fact that technological change, in agriculture as in other sectors, inevitably produces some losers as well as many winners, and imposes non-trivial transition costs. Unfortunately, the only way to avoid those problems is to outlaw technological change, a solution not particularly fashionable in most non-trade union, non-government circles. So Kennedy is left with the conclusion that changes in agricultural techniques are more likely to exacerbate than to alleviate third-world misery.

THE second possible escape route from the Malthusian trap—a new industrial revolution—is also closed. The first industrial revolution, says Kennedy, brought workers together in factories where they were "required to labor in a standardized fashion to a rhythm set by the machines; . . . working in a factory was hell." But it did increase productivity sufficiently to put food on more tables. Now things are worse:

> The industrial "serfs" of the factory system . . . will finally have been replaced by robots, whose linguistic root is the Czech word for serf. . . .
>
> This bodes ill for the developing world. True, the multinationals can move their automated plants to places with a plentiful supply of cheap, unskilled labor, thereby improving the developing countries' balance of payments. But this movement of plants to labor-surplus nations "creates unusual employment patterns." It seems that the demand for low-cost labor to supplement robots can be satisfied by "unskilled and semi-skilled females," leaving an army of "young, frustrated men without work" (and apparently in the unique situation of finding their circumstances unimproved by the rising incomes and spending power of their sisters, girlfriends, and wives). Meanwhile, the multinationals, constantly comparing production costs around the world, may arbitrarily decide to bring their factories home if it proves profitable to do so.

As in agriculture, so in industry, there simply is no fact powerful enough to dispel Kennedy's gloom—not rising output, not falling production costs, not technologies that promise to replace scarcity with abundance, not even the example of the Newly Industrialized Economies (NIE's) of East Asia. Kennedy concedes that these are "becoming richer year by year," and that as living standards have risen, fertility rates have tumbled. But rising prosperity in East Asia means, for him, catastrophes large and small: atmospheric pollution, the destruction of forests, "the conversion of small coastal towns into giant shipyards and steel mills," "relentless demand for ores, oil, gas, timber, and other materials from the developing world." To some, including the developing countries themselves, at least a few of these items might seem to translate into the creation of export markets and of jobs, and would be entered on the plus side of the economic ledger. That is not where Kennedy puts them.

Nor are the NIE's a model for other countries. Japan, Singapore, Taiwan, and South Korea are

> small countries with a favorable geographic position, a skilled population, and an openness to foreign techniques and fashions. That can hardly be said of

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Zaire, Iran, Mali, Afghanistan, or Ethiopia, where a combination of structural and cultural hindrances at present blocks development.

Why? Why are Japan's people a "skilled" resource, Zaire's a burden? The true explanation is a simple one: Zaire, which, unlike Japan, is rich in resources, is ruled by brutal leaders with statist notions of how an economy should be organized. Thanks to man-made disasters, created by President Mobutu Sese Seke, Zaire has a worthless currency and a clapped-out economy. Anyone who thinks that the way to help an economically deprived population like Zaire's is to invest in infrastructure, as Kennedy suggests, should look more closely at the history of famine in postcolonial Africa—and at P.T. Bauer's *The Development Frontier.*

BUT to return to the Malthusian trap, now about to snap shut. The agricultural revolution, as we have seen it through Kennedy's eyes, will produce food where it is not needed and displace honest farmers. The industrial revolution will fail to create jobs for rebellious young men, and may displace existing workers with robots. For the surplus populations, that leaves one avenue: emigration. Yet that, too, argues Kennedy, is no solution. The movement of poorer, often "browner" populations into richer, "whiter" countries creates social tensions and racial antagonisms.

This is true enough, if recent experience in Germany, France, and elsewhere is to be our guide. But need it be? Much depends on the policies of the receiving countries, and in particular on whether, by policies of laissez-faire, they force immigrants to learn the local language, get jobs, and begin the struggle to move up the economic and social ladder—or whether, instead, they merely encourage immigrants to cut themselves in on a generous dole and free medical care, and then attempt to adapt to the immigrants rather than the other way around. If the former, they will attract the more independent and entrepreneurial of the world's wandering population; if the latter, they will create a permanently dependent and widely resented underclass.

But I suspect it is precisely laissez-faire policies—or, as he puts it disparagingly, "haphazard, laissez-faire methods"—that Kennedy most deplores. In the end, this book is a *cri de coeur* from someone who thinks the world is spinning out of control. Populations are growing more quickly than planners think desirable; cheap mass communication opens the eyes of peoples all over the world to the material advantages potentially available to them; billions of dollars of capital are traded instantaneously through an "irresponsible system of monetary exchanges"; multinational corporations are (horrors!) "beyond the reach of local regulation." In short, "nobody is in control."

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That is Kennedy's main complaint. Control is necessary because free markets cannot be relied upon to solve the world's problems: "The rational market, by its very nature, is not concerned with social justice and fairness."

Perhaps not, at least explicitly. But the dreaded multinationals are in business to satisfy consumers, to reduce costs, to compete. To do that they will produce what consumers want, and they will go where costs are low. Free markets, and an environment hospitable to private capital, are surely a more durable path to third-world development than useless "infrastructure" projects, selected to aggrandize some leader-for-life, usually at tremendous cost to the environment.

THROUGH all Kennedy's clouds an occasional ray of sunshine peeps through: a recognition that more food will be produced, that technology can be liberating, that there are benefits to economic growth. But these are always sandwiched between tales of horror. Although there are single sentences in this book that support almost any point of view, on balance Kennedy clings to declinism, to the "apocalypse, soon" school of environmentalism, to the view that only the state can and must do more to avert the coming catastrophe.

This may bring comfort to our new President's team of activists, to France's *dirigistes*, to socialist regimes in Africa, and to the anti-market factions in Russia. But it will not bring comfort to anyone, like me, who agrees with at least one sentence in Kennedy's earlier book, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*: namely, that in the face of uncertainty, the most important virtue is flexibility—the ability to change direction as facts warrant. One advantage enjoyed by America, wrote Kennedy then,

> is that the very unstructured, laissez-faire nature of American society (while not without its weaknesses) probably gives it a better chance of readjusting to changing circumstances than a rigid and *dirigiste* power would have.

Well said.

The Man from Uz

THE FIRST DISSIDENT: THE BOOK OF JOB IN TODAY'S POLITICS. By WILLIAM SAFIRE. *Random House. 304 pp. $23.00.*

Reviewed by EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

HIMSELF a man of some wealth and influence, William Safire, the well-known columnist of the *New York Times*, has written a book about another man of (much greater) wealth and influence: Job of the land of Uz, who had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, 500 asses, many servants, and sufficient authority to be "the greatest man in the East" when his atrocious sufferings were about to begin.

This admittedly rather feeble parallel offers the only explanation I can think of for Safire's unexpected achievement. Tackling a biblical text even more intensively studied than most, on which, it would seem, nothing new *and* valid could be said, Safire nevertheless offers an interpretation both original and persuasive. Job was a man of power above all, and Safire evidently understands power far better than most of the commentators on this book who have preceded him—pious men all, who tended to see only the piety in Job.

When a journalist whose writings are so naturally congenial to a mass readership approaches so lofty a subject, all manner of pretensions may be feared, or else embarrassing displays of mawkish humility. But there is no striving to impress in Safire's book, no exhibition of learning for exhibition's sake, no pomposity. As for humility, one might well wish for some, however mawkish, because Safire not only addresses a most sublime work in routinely coarse journalese but seems to seize every opportunity to indulge his taste for low slang ("let God cop a plea") and aggravated linguistic vulgarism (". . . I then knocked out a draft of the speech that knocked out the markets in Tokyo"). Yet this will hardly matter to the reader with good gag control (as Safire himself might put it) because *The First Dissident* actually succeeds in presenting the book of Job anew, as a *political* dialogue.

The aim is certainly ambitious, the result fascinating, and the achievement considerable—but not because Safire had to overcome any great difficulties with the text. Though widely appreciated as the Bible's most exalted peak of literary achievement, Job is a peak far from inaccessible.

To begin with, it is thematically very simple. Job complains of his fate, including his loss of political power—indeed, he complains most bitterly of that loss, for he has been left defenseless before his enemies who "bare their teeth to rend" him. His three friends, after first commiserating silently for a week (advice to those visiting the sick: "So they sat down with him . . . seven days and seven nights and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great"), then offer him the standard religious explanations for human suffering, notably that it is a punishment for sin (even if unconscious, forgotten, or original); these Job rejects. He leaves unanswered the thesis of a young intruder on the scene, the sonorously named Elihu the son of Barakhel the Buzite of the family of Ram, to the effect that suffering tests the worthy and is thus good for the soul.

Suddenly God Himself speaks, first propounding a this-is-all-too-complicated-for-you-to-understand thesis in the most sardonic tones and then proclaiming the ultimate challenge: how would *you*, Job (i.e., mankind), employ unlimited power? And then Job submits. In the epilogue, we discover that God strongly disapproves of the explanations put forward by Job's three friends, who are collectively fined a sacrifice of seven bulls and seven rams, while He has no comment on Elihu's theory. At the very end, 14,000 sheep and goats, 6,000 camels, 1,000 yoke of oxen, 1,000 she-asses, as well as seven sons and three daughters, have been given to Job.

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All this is plain enough. Even the book's linguistic obscurities are no great obstacle. To construe what remains of the Latin author Petronius, one would need excellent Latin, some Greek, a large dictionary, and perhaps a full week. But any self-respecting graduate of a Jewish day school can read through Job in a day, missing the sense of only a few dozen words at most. Moreover, such is the power of the book's poetic discourse in the original Hebrew that it survives even the customary treasons of translation, yielding a text not only of surpassing beauty but also of abundant clarity in whatever Englished versions I have seen, even that of the hateful New English Bible (which Safire unaccountably reprints here). As for substantive problems, they are still fewer. True, there are things we do not know—as, for example, where the land of Uz might be. But Uz is no more to be discovered by further research than the land of Oz, and what has no solution is not a problem.

ABOVE all, the book of Job contains no alien mentality to resist our understanding; its past is not another country, but our own. Job's wealth may be counted in camels, sheep, oxen, asses, and servants rather than in limited partnerships, shares, T-bills, or junk bonds. But as a barrier to comprehension and empathy that is entirely trivial as compared, for example, to the heroics of *The Iliad* (wherein a widow's loud weeping is supposed to intensify the satisfaction to be had by her husband's killer); or the genocidal ruthlessness earnestly propounded in Joshua; or the preposterously inflexible codes of honor presumed by Racine; or the impossibly naive martial enthusiasm of Rupert Brooke, whose war verse is closer to us by at least 2,400 years yet so much more remote in mentality. Poetical conventions aside, Job himself voices no sentiment that a modern might not express, and neither does the text.

Nor, finally, is there anything wondrous, weird, or exotic about the action that sets the stage for the book's discourses. Even today, the disasters that befell Job are still, in substance, an everyday affair—a matter of mere statistical coincidences. (Thus, among newly diagnosed cancer cases, there are bound to be innocent bankrupts whose only children have recently been killed.)

So SAFIRE confronts a text unmysterious to begin with, and of course already much studied. Of that he is well aware—in the opening he writes (with a characteristic after-twist), "I began collecting books about Job as a Syracuse University sophomore (just before I dropped out)." But though he has certainly read the scholarly literature, Safire's own book does not conform to its norms: he does not add one more orderly brick to the cumulative structure of learning. Instead, he merely presents his own arguments, citing such other views as

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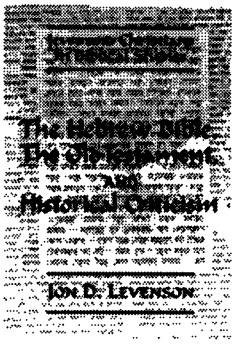

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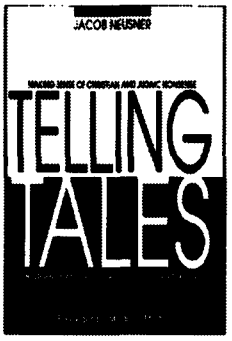

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he pleases amid a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences of varying relevance and interest, including confessionals from almost every rogue and semi-rogue in contemporary American political life.

In sequence, Safire first strives in various ways to induce the reader actually to *read* the words as they are written, instead of construing them in accordance with entrenched pietistic misinterpretations that clash with the meaning of the text—a meaning plain enough, but too painfully harsh. The mere phrase, "the patience of Job," common in many languages, suffices to show how deeply ingrained is the deformation, for Job is one sufferer in the Bible who, to the contrary, curses back ("perish the day I was born"), sneers at the explanations of his sufferings, and—most important by far—insistently demands that God break His silence to explain Himself to *him*.

Having rescued the plain meaning (as, to be sure, others have done before him), Safire concentrates on the core dialogue between an all-powerful God and an almost entirely powerless man. Presenting this dialogue as an essentially political exchange, governed by the enormously unequal power relationship between the two, Safire shows how Job proceeds to extract all the human dignity there is from the sliver of power that is still left to him—the power to call on God, to demand an explanation for God's deeds, and to assert his own innocence the more tellingly by staking his life and honor on that very claim of innocence.

Job, as we know, is finally successful. God does break His silence to speak to him—indeed, in the entire Bible this is God's longest statement in direct speech. As an attentive and experienced observer of the powerful, Safire is at his best in explaining the dilemma inherent in the potentially unlimited power of God: an *all*-powerful God, Who fully exercised all His power all the time, would allow no other live existence, thereby incidentally nullifying the meaning of His own power, leaving only a physical force able to command only inert physical phenomena.

In working out the implications of that dilemma, Safire has written a book that stands on its own as an always interesting and sometimes profound discourse on politics and theology, while most truly earning its keep as books about books should, by re-attracting readers to the original text. One does not have to be afflicted and in need of comfort to rediscover the book of Job as a sensationally good read.

Soaking the Middle

BOILING POINT: REPUBLICANS, DEMOCRATS, AND THE DECLINE OF MIDDLE-CLASS PROSPERITY. By KEVIN PHILLIPS. *Random House. 336 pp. $23.00.*

Reviewed by SUZANNE GARMENT

AT THE very beginning of his new book, Kevin Phillips reminds us of his outstanding record in predicting—and in creating—major trends in American politics. His chain of successes, he writes, began in 1968, when Richard Nixon's presidential-campaign operatives used Phillips's demographic analyses to shape and target their message. In 1969 this research appeared in book form as *The Emerging Republican Majority*, which became, as Phillips reminds us by quoting the words of one newsmagazine, "the political Bible of the Nixon era," influencing Republican strategy "not only in 1972 but right through 1980."

After *The Emerging Republican Majority*, and several less momentous books which he does not mention here, Phillips hit the jackpot again in 1990 with *The Politics of Rich and Poor*. There he argued that successive Republican administrations in the 1980's had coddled the rich but left the rest of the once-victorious Reagan coalition ripe for plucking by a populist Democratic candidate. This book, he reports, angered his old political allies on the Right—but *Newsweek* called it a "founding document" of the 1992 presidential campaign and the *New York Times* "noted that Democratic strategists 'revere' the book's thesis."

Now, in *Boiling Point*, published after the November 1992 election but before President Clinton took office in January of this year, Phillips tries to forge another link in his chain of success. Yet what he has to say here is barely distinguishable from the argument of his previous book. *Boiling Point* has all the problems of *Rich and Poor* but none of the novelty.

Boiling Point is not an orderly book, and its assertions are sometimes in conflict. Basically it offers a series of claims to the effect that the middle class has suffered in recent years, and there is no doubt that Phillips thinks that suffering has been severe. Thus, he points out that in the Reagan-Bush 80's, while some middle-class Americans benefited from lower federal income taxes, a number of upper-middle-class managers paid higher marginal rates than their rich bosses did, and the middle class as a whole was soaked by an increase in Social Security taxes. Meanwhile, the states, no longer getting enough money from the federal government, had to raise more funds through taxes that were themselves mainly borne by the middle class.

Nor, according to Phillips, have the growing problems of the middle class been simply a matter of taxes. This group may have made some small economic progress during the Republican 1980's, but its gains were virtually wiped out by the years of stagnation leading up to the 1992 election. Homes became a less secure investment for those who already owned them, and less affordable by those who did not. The cost of services used by the middle class, from health insurance and college tuition to cable-television rates and concert tickets, climbed skyward. The social health of overworked, over-extended middle-class families declined.

TO HEAR Phillips tell it, middle-class Americans simply cannot win. They have been hurt by aspects of Republican-era taxation that left

SUZANNE GARMENT *is the author of* Scandal: The Culture of Mistrust in American Politics.

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the rich with the lion's share of the country's growing prosperity, and they have also been hurt by the progressive features of 1980's taxation which concentrated tax relief on the poor and punished members of the upper-middle class by taxing them as if they were wealthy. When congressional liberals have set out to save the Social Security system, they have saddled the middle class with more taxes; when conservatives have deregulated, they, too, have hurt the middle class by sticking it with increased costs in areas like banking. When home prices have declined, the middle class has lost the investment it made in housing; when prices have risen, the middle class has found housing beyond its reach.

Such things, Phillips says, have happened before in the history of great powers. In 17th-century Holland and 19th-century Britain, public policy was captured by the rich; as a consequence, these nations declined. Late-20th-century America faces the same sort of danger. What distinguishes our case is that the disturbing trends of the 1980's have generated active opposition from Middle Americans, who have suppressed their cultural conservatism and begun to act politically on the basis of their economic anxieties. These people have put a huge number of initiatives on state ballots and launched drives for term limits. They have supported populist figures as diverse as the liberal Harris Wofford in Pennsylvania and the racist David Duke in Louisiana. And in 1992 they elected Bill Clinton, who they thought would look out for their interests and not raise their taxes.

Yet the populism that brought Clinton to power, warns Phillips, could sweep him out of office just as easily. So massively alienated is the middle class in Phillips's view that it is in danger of becoming "the biggest economic interest group of them all," permanently wedded to its entitlements. The only way to square this circle is through leaders who will develop an agenda of "shared sacrifice" designed to take more from "those who had made so much money from the speculations and abuses of the 1980's" (by which he means anyone with a high income) while protecting the economic interests of the middle class. Otherwise, if a leader like Clinton should appear to be breaking his promises to the middle class—for instance, by raising its taxes—the climate of our times will not easily forgive him.

Thus, Kevin Phillips before the Clinton inauguration, and well before the President's February speech on the economy.

IN FACT, an interesting and murky debate is taking place these days about what has happened to American economic performance and income distribution over the past two decades. The only sure thing is that the answer is complicated.

Yes, income inequality increased during the 1980's, but the trend has slowed and may even have begun to reverse itself. Besides, as the economist Marvin Kosters has explained, "snapshot" tables of the country's income distribution at any single time do not reflect the considerable upward movement in a family's income over the years. Moreover, although the wages of

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young workers with low schooling levels have lagged behind those of other workers and sometimes even declined, this lag largely reflects not tax policy but the increasing value our labor markets place on education and training, and (according to Kosters) we can already see self-correcting market forces at work.

Whatever the objective state of the middle class, though, there was indeed an upsurge in populist politics during the late 1980's, and middle-class anxieties did increase, showing themselves in more talk about unfair Japanese trade rules and Mexican labor practices, in the Ralph Nader/talk-show axis protesting the planned congressional salary increases of 1990, and in the rise of the inimitable Ross Perot. And Bill Clinton's 1992 presidential campaign made highly specific appeals to middle-class economic discontents.

IT IS reported that President Clinton took *Boiling Point* to Camp David with him before making the budget proposals in his State of the Union address. Certainly, the two major features of the Clinton plan—calling for increases in upper-bracket taxes but no cuts in middle-class entitlements—follow the Phillips outline quite exactly. Clinton's speech was duly applauded by Phillips, who wrote in an op-ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal* that it was a wonderful performance.

Yet, for the most part, neither Clinton nor the other political entrepreneurs purporting to speak for Middle Americans have been so reckless as to urge out-and-out class warfare. Instead they have complained that the rich do not pay their "fair share" of taxes, or they have lambasted an unresponsive political system ruled by illegitimate interest groups that milk the citizenry.

Nor, so far, have middle-class Americans reacted to the Clinton plan in quite the way Phillips's book would predict. Many have said they are willing to pay a little more money to put the national house in order. They have also voiced a distinctly un-Phillips-style worry. Like good citizens, they want to be assured that the extra taxes they may be required to pay will go toward cutting the national deficit, as promised by their new President, rather than being used to fund more programs and more benefits.

However concerned it is with fairness, then, the real-life American middle class does not readily buy the Phillips-Clinton talk about "shared sacrifice" for the sake of a more active, reinvigorated government. Too experienced with politicians to be shocked by Clinton's broken campaign promise not to raise their taxes, middle-class Americans are also too experienced with government to trust that it will use its tax revenues better than it has done in the past. Which suggests that in order to *pass* his budget plan, Clinton will need to develop a more sophisticated understanding of what middle-class Americans want, and what they expect, and what they will stand for, than he is likely to have learned from Kevin Phillips.

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TRIBES: HOW RACE, RELIGION, AND IDENTITY DETERMINE SUCCESS IN THE NEW GLOBAL ECONOMY. By JOEL KOTKIN. *Random House. 360 pp. $24.00.*

Reviewed by PETER L. BERGER

JOEL KOTKIN, a journalist based in Los Angeles, has previously written on American relations with Asia and on the California economy. In the present book he seeks to paint a broad picture of the noneconomic realities affecting the international economy. But while *Tribes* makes some interesting and valid points, it falls considerably short of the promise implied in its subtitle.

Contrary to widely held beliefs, Kotkin argues, ours is not an age of increasing universalism. Rather, various particularities—of nationality, ethnicity, and religion—are experiencing impressive revivals. Nor, despite what many people believe, is ours simply an age of nationalism, of nation-states competing for political and economic power. Rather, important entities both below and above the level of the nation-state are playing a role in the emerging global economy.

There are aspects of this situation that Kotkin does not go into in any detail. They include the resurgence of classical forms of nationalism seeking to establish new nation-states; the growing importance of regionalism (including regions that transcend national boundaries); and the capacity of global corporations to bypass the controls of national governments. Instead, he concentrates on what he calls "global tribes." These are groups with the following characteristics: a strong collective identity, ethnically based, with correspondingly strong bonds of solidarity; a global network based on trust; and a cosmopolitan culture, open to new knowledge and to change.

Kotkin believes that one cannot

PETER L. BERGER *is University Professor at Boston University. His most recent book is* A Far Cry: The Quest for Faith in an Age of Credulity *(Free Press).*

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understand the contemporary world economy without grasping the role of these global tribes. His book discusses five of them, while acknowledging that there are more and that still others may arise in the future. The five are the Jews, the British, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Indians. Some of them (notably the Jews) have long histories as global tribes; others (like the Indians) have only recently emerged in this role.

Kotkin writes well, and his book is full of vignettes that help give human color to his argument. We are introduced to life in the diamond center of Ramat Gan in Israel, one hub of an international and primarily Jewish network in the diamond trade. We meet Denny Ko, a business consultant, and hear him talk about his vision of a Chinese economic empire spanning the Pacific Rim. And we see how Gulu Lalvani, a member of the newly visible Indian "tribe," uses his ethnic ties in Asia to develop his London-based firm of consumer electronics.

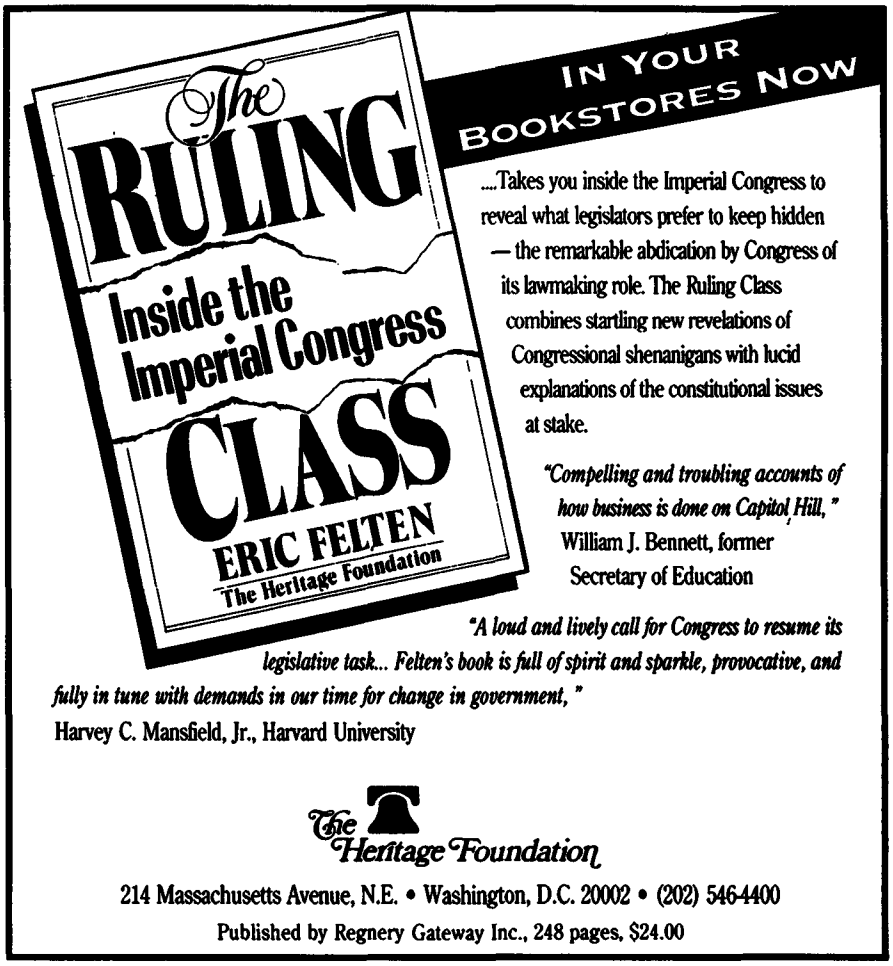
The people in these vignettes, like most of the individuals Kotkin describes throughout the book, are presented as appealing figures—intelligent, imaginative, open-minded, and evidently enamored of what they do for a living. In that sense, Kotkin's book gives us the "other side" of tribalism, a term usually associated pejoratively with ugly prejudices and uglier deeds. Although he acknowledges the bad side of tribalism, which he associates with racism, Kotkin's overall evaluation of his global tribes is a positive one.

THERE are obviously valid points in all this, but there are also very big weaknesses. To begin with, Kotkin's list of five global tribes puts into one single category a number of entities with very different histories and very different economic roles. One might agree that Jews have indeed formed a paradigmatic global tribe, with the characteristics Kotkin enumerates. But do they still? With the exception of the diamond business and a few other businesses, their day as a global tribe in Kotkin's sense would seem to have passed. Today, the overseas Chinese come closer to being a true example of the type.

In the case of the Indians, it is not the group as a whole but only certain subgroups who meet Kotkin's criteria. Some of these (like the Gujeratis) are defined by ethnicity; some (such as the Marwaris) by caste; some (Jains and Parsees) by religion. As for the British and Japanese, it is doubtful that they belong to the type at all. British economic hegemony was based on empire, not on ethnic loyalties. The Japanese certainly are marked by ethnic identity, but the role they play in the international economy is a function of highly modern organizations far different from the "tribal" networks of the Jewish diamond trade or of international Chinese businesses.

More importantly, though, Kotkin's argument confuses three issues which, though related, need to be kept quite distinct: the alleged decline of the nation-state as an economic actor; the economic importance of international networks based on ethnic or religious identity; and the economic relevance of culture. Of the three, Kotkin does justice only to the second. Concerning the first he is on shaky empirical ground: in some ways and in some places (like Western Europe) nation-states do indeed play less of a role than formerly, but in other places (like Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union) we are witnessing a renascence of nation-states, sometimes with economically very irrational effects. Culture, finally, need not be "tribally" based: the two most dynamic cultural movements in the world today, Pentecostal Protestantism and neotraditionalist Islam, dramatically transcend ethnic boundaries and yet have very important socioeconomic consequences.

Put simply, both in his list of global tribes and in his arguments about their importance, Kotkin keeps mixing apples and oranges. Though his book has some value in drawing attention to a number of valid issues often ignored by professional analysts of the inter-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national economy, it falls far short of an adequate discussion of these issues.

The Palestinian Experience

PALESTINIANS: THE MAKING OF A PEOPLE. By BARUCH KIMMERLING and JOEL S. MIGDAL. *Free Press. 350 pp. $29.95.*

Reviewed by DANIEL PIPES

RECENT Palestinian politics are the subject of inordinate journalistic and scholarly attention: the University of Pennsylvania library, for example, contains no fewer than 22 books on the *intifada,* and a groaning shelf scrutinizes every twist in the rise and fortunes of the Palestine Liberation Organization. This intense interest makes it all the more surprising that Baruch Kimmerling and Joel S. Migdal's *Palestinians: The Making of a People* presents a first overview of Palestinian history.

As such, their book offers original and highly useful insights. By integrating scattered and little-known materials, they do more than gather information in one place; a dramatically new perspective emerges. Even readers familiar with the record of this would-be nation can now see the Palestinian experience as a whole. Perhaps most importantly, Kimmerling and Migdal reveal a number of continuities going back decades and, in some cases, even centuries.

In their view, three revolts against outside forces—against the Egyptians in 1834, the British in 1936-39, and the Israelis since 1987—constitute the paramount events of Palestinian history. Each revolt undermined the existing leadership while enhancing the consciousness of a common fate. The last two uprisings share another feature: what began as an act of political assertion against the occupier ended as gangsterism against fellow Palestinians.

A second abiding feature of Palestinian politics concerns the inability to achieve more than a negative unity (against the British, the Israelis), never a positive one, an inability which has repeatedly weakened Palestinian endeavors.

In large part, disunity follows from a fragmented geography, for Arab Palestine contains three political subunits whose residents have contested power during the past 150 years. The coastal plain, with Jaffa as its main city, predominated during the six decades before World War I. Jerusalem, the administrative and religious center, dominated during the first years of the British Mandate. And the hills to the east, centered around Nablus, reigned during the 1948-67 period and again during the *intifada.* None of the regions has the strength permanently to dominate the other two, and so the rivalry continues.

Since 1937, Palestinian leadership has been split in another way: between local figures and those in exile. From their places of banishment in Nazi Germany, Nasser's Egypt, or strife-torn Lebanon, such chiefs as Mufti Amin Husseini, Ahmad Shuqayri, and Yasir Arafat have sought to dominate a population they could not physically control. Palestinians on the ground have sometimes accepted the supremacy of these distant authorities, sometimes not. The rise of Faisal Husseini and Hanan Ashrawi in recent years points to a persistent desire by locals to assert their own views.

Continuities take minor forms, too. For example, Kimmerling and Migdal have collected the vanity postage stamps issued by three Palestinian organizations (the Arab Higher Committee, the All-Palestine Government, and al-Fatah). All of the stamps assert the existence of an Arab polity named Palestine; none can be used to mail a letter. These stamps, as well as a "Proclamation of Independence" and a whole panoply of PLO "embassies" and "passports," suggest a persistent illusion that pantomiming the activities of a real state will somehow also bestow its powers.

A final continuity, but one to which the authors devote scant attention, concerns the Palestinians' extremely fluid sense of identity. Exactly who are the Arabic-speaking people who live between the Jordan and the Mediterranean? Syrians, they would have replied in the decades before 1920, when "Syria" included virtually the whole of the Levant. Palestinians, they would have said in 1920 and for the next three decades. Arabs, would have come the reply between 1950 and 1967, as Pan-Arab nationalism soared during the heady days of Gamal Abdel Nasser and then crashed with him in the Six-Day War. Palestinians, the answer would again have come after 1967.

Today, however, the Palestinian identity appears to be in a fairly advanced state of decay. The PLO suffers from financial difficulties, political drift, and incapacity among its leadership (neither Arafat's head injuries in an airplane crash last year nor his marriage have helped). As the Palestinian separatist identity weakens, the Muslim identity surges. Should present trends continue, Hamas could replace the PLO as the leading Palestinian organization in a few years.

The weak definition of Palestinian identity manifests itself in other ways, too. Take the matter of political terminology. In the 1910's, Zionists lobbied London to use the name "Palestine," seeing it as a name which corresponded to the Land of Israel of Jewish tradition. In contrast, through twelve centuries of Muslim rule, the territory had never formed a separate political or administrative unit; and in 1918 Muslims did not want one to appear. Later, as Jews discarded "Palestine" in favor of "Israel," Arabs embraced the former term with fervor. Today, *Filastin* not only resonates deeply among Arabs, but conjures up near-mystical allusions. ("West Bank" underwent a similar metamorphosis, as Kimmerling and Migdal point out; what began as a Jordanian substitute for "Palestine" in the 1950's now serves as a shield to fend off the Likud term "Judea and Samaria.") Such shifts in terminology confirm the wholly unsettled quality of Palestinian politics.

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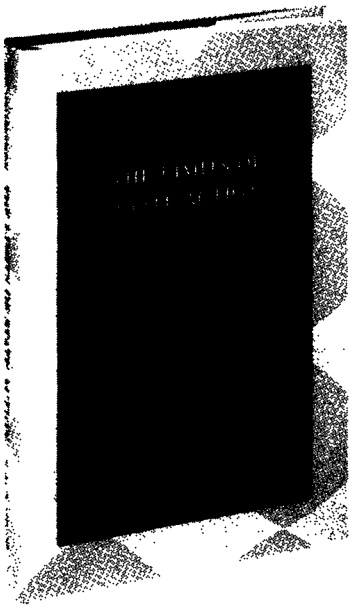

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Their synoptic perspective enables Kimmerling and Migdal to interpret Palestinian history in new ways. For example, they see Palestinian politics during the Mandatory period as far more sophisticated than do other historians. One such historian, Benny Morris, referring to the late 1940's, holds that

> the Palestinian Arabs were backward, disunited, and often apathetic, a community only just entering the modern age politically and administratively.

Another, Ilan Pappé, dismisses the Palestinian leadership in those years as "an elite in confusion" and argues that it failed to use the Mandatory period to prepare for the war that came in 1948.

Kimmerling and Migdal disagree: they reject as "misleading" the thesis of Palestinian political immaturity in the 1930's, and they make a good case for their revisionist view. What happened, they say, is that the complex institutions developed in the 30's were destroyed by the Arab Revolt of 1936-39, and then could not be reconstructed:

> In the circumstances of World War II and the new constraints imposed by the Arab states, [the Palestinians] never managed to recapture these political foundations, nor adapt politically to the vast social changes overtaking their community.

And so came the defeat of 1948.

FEW subjects arouse such passions as the Palestinians, and *Palestinians* promulgates its own share of controversial assumptions and dubious positions. Most fundamentally, it simply asserts that Palestinians constitute a people, without proving the point. A self-proclaimed national group which came into existence in 1920, which subsequently disappeared for nearly two decades, and which has never enjoyed sovereign power, may endure; but it may also disappear. The authors' silence on this key subject suggests that they think the matter more settled than it may be. Put differently, it is just possible that *Palestinians: The Making of a People* will in the future sound as outdated as *Yugoslavs: The Making of a People* would today.

Other questionable assertions include the suggestion that the development of separate Palestinian and Zionist economies in the early 20th century contributed to separate nationalist movements; in fact, the reverse is closer to the truth. Dismayingly, Kimmerling and Migdal repeat the simple-minded falsehood about an "ancient conflict" between Arabs and Jews. (The notion of an Arab people goes back only to the 1890's.) The authors also claim the Balfour Declaration "resuscitated" Zionism; instead, it strengthened an already existing Zionist movement by lending it the support, however fleeting, of a great power.

Another problem arises from the authors' determination to achieve political neutrality between Palestinians and Israelis. While laudable when exercised in moderation, when relentlessly pursued this approach can lead to unhappy results. To avoid blaming either party for the many brutalities between them, Kimmerling and Migdal point the finger at circumstance, employing a form of moral equivalence which works no better for the Arab-Israeli conflict than in the cold war.

But these problems and certain errors of fact aside, *Palestinians* has much to teach. Approached with caution, it adds life to what has long been a two-dimensional construct.

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